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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 24

DECEMBER 15, 1898.

Vol. XXXIII

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



GEO. H. BENEDICT & CO. CHI

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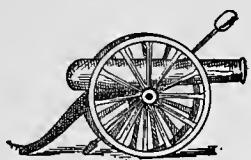
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIII. SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1898. No. 24.

IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO.

I LOOK back upon the month I spent in the land of the Mikado with a great deal of satisfaction indeed. When my father proposed the visit, I sneeringly

I will not weary my readers with a description of the voyage, except to tell one little incident. On the second day at sea I was "taken down" with that terrible affliction sea-sickness. For four



turned up my youthful nose and exclaimed, "What can we gain from a visit among the Japs?" The kindly answer of my father was, "Come and see," And so we went.

and twenty hours I lay in my berth "sick and helpless, and ready to die." On the morning of the fourth day I managed to crawl on deck. The sea was rather heavy and the swinging of

the vessel did not seem to have the most quieting effect upon my stomach. I was very sick indeed, and every time I "heaved ahead" I imagined I could see my spinal column and my ribs strike fire. In my severest moment I was approached by an Irishman, who in a tone of tender sympathy inquired:

"Are you sick, youngster?"

I looked up at him and answered:

"Sick? no, I'm not sick; I am just doing this for fun."

This was not a very amiable answer, I must admit; and, though I afterwards asked his pardon (which he readily granted,) I could not help but think he might have spared me so useless and annoying a question.

But the longest journey, and the worst sickness, must have an end. Finally we landed at the great city of Yokohama.

After a night's rest at a hotel, we bowled merrily further up the bay to Tokio, the capital. Here we hired a coolie to drive us to some of the places of interest. A flower show was being held at the Mikado's palace, and we were conducted to that place. We secured cards of admission, which were carefully inspected at the gate by a servant in gilt robes, and we made our way to the pavilion where the flowers were on exhibition.

The chrysanthemum is, as you are aware, the Japanese national flower, and we were told that the Mikado had so much esteem for the flower that he had created an Order of the Chrysanthemum, which he bestows on men of distinction at home and abroad.

The imperial garden has many winding paths, and here and there little springs and lakes sparkled brilliantly. The flowers were on exhibition in tents, and they made a very brilliant display. There were Japanese officers in uniform,

walking through the gardens, and a military band discoursed some lively airs. The Emperor and Empress were present, and seemed to be delighted with the number of foreign visitors in attendance. They seem to be very courteous.

The Japanese ladies, with a few exceptions, were dressed in European costume, and the men wore tall, silk hats, such as are worn in Paris and London, and I do not think that they become them.

One thing you will always remember if you visit Japan, and that is the politeness of the natives. For a mere trifle a rickshaw coolie will drive you around all day, and overwhelm you with gratitude at the close. When you enter a shop the proprietor will go through a form of politeness lasting for about two minutes before he takes your order. When we were leaving the hotel we gave the landlord backsheesh to distribute among the various employes, and as soon as they had got their portion they came running up to us smiling, and falling down on the floor they thumped their heads repeatedly against the ground, expressing their gratitude. When you give a copper to a beggar he will immediately fall to the earth, and in self-abasement literally rub his head in the dirt.

The Japanese are a very good-natured people, and I cannot remember of having heard a cross word uttered during our month's visit. Within the past few years and especially since the recent war with China, my father says they have been called the "Yankees of the Far East." This is intended as a compliment to their push and skill, and they appear to deserve it fully. They have become entirely modern and up-to-date in all their methods and manners, and a Japanese princess in the costume shown in the accompanying picture is no longer



JAPANESE PRINCESS.

to be seen. In some branches of industry they are without equals, and in ingenuity and cleverness they are but little behind the most inventive of all peoples, the Americans. In their late war with China they at once showed their superiority as warriors on both land and sea, and in a few short weeks they had their great enemy completely at their mercy. Since then they have boldly entered upon a broader field of national activity; and father says the best evidence of their wisdom and good sense is found in their desire for friendship with Great Britain and the United States—with the English speaking nations—rather than with Russia, Germany or what may be called the Latin races. In the development and regeneration of Asia there is no doubt that Japan will play an important part; and my papa, who has been on many a mission himself, says he would think it a great honor to have one of his sons called, or even to be called himself, to be among those chosen to preach the Gospel in the land of the Mikado.

M.

A TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS.

There was a storm brewing on Wananga Lake. Away up in the heavy pines of the surrounding hills could be heard a constant groaning and tearing, and the very heavens seemed to crouch low as if in terror. The wild fowls hurried away from the center of the lake and massed themselves under the tall reeds which were bowing and sweeping in the wind throes about them. The small valley lay hushed in shuddering silence, expectantly waiting for the crashing thunder peals which would soon leap from crag to crag.

Out over the breast of the trembling waters tossed a boat as if struggling toward a safe shore. The girl who sat alone pulling at the oars with the steady strength of long experience, bore no evidence of fear upon her ruddy cheeks. Occasionally she flung from her face the masses of spray-wet curls which tangled out under her scarf; and each time she paused a moment to look upward and about her with a daring smile of sympathy for the scene of which she was so strange a part.

Crouched down in the boat lay a curly brown dog which showed by its eyes a half-fear and half-joy inspired by the atmospheric conditions and the wild enjoyment it read so plainly in the eyes of its mistress.

As the boat touched the outer line of swaying bulrushes, the first deafening roar of the thunder tore the air with its fury.

Down crouched the dog, and up sprang the girl, rocking the boat fiercely.

"Do ye no feel the life and strength o' the voice o' the clouds, Donner?" asked the girl, stooping a moment to the dog, as if to quiet its terror. "Why, Donner, that's Santa Claus coming to make our Christmas fine!"

She took the dog's head in her arms and petted it as if it were an infant.

"Dinna ye ken, Donner, we hav'n'a had a snow Christmas sin we left Scotland. And when Christmas comes wi'out thunder, Donner, there's nae Santa Claus to come, because the thunder is his chariot. Eh, Donner?"

Moved by the sympathy she evidently felt for her companion's terror of the storm, the girl picked up her oars to hurry on shore, and was soon securely fastening her boat with chain and padlock.

Striking into a footpath, the girl, followed by the leaping, yelping setter, walked swiftly away from the lake shore, and soon turned into a wider path which led up the mountain side.

"We'll gang hame, Donner, as fast as our legs can carry us, altho' I'm no sayin', ye mind, that I wouldna' rather stay out in the boat and hear the great roar o' the storm."

The dog wagged its tail as if fully comprehending the extent of the sacrifice made by the girl.

"We gi' our word to the mither, wed be hame afore darkness settled, and noo we maun hurry to keep our word, Donner."

The yelp of her setter was soon answered by a deeper and steadier bark; and immediately there emerged from the dense forest a huge yellow and dull white dog with the body of a St. Bernard and the head of a Newfoundland.

The girl stood perfectly still as she recognized the animal, and her cheeks were drained of all their ruddy glow. The sudden quivering of the lips and the quick rise and fall of the bosom betrayed an emotion, half of awe and half of another passion which a stranger might wonder to see awakened by the sight of a friendly dog.

In a moment, however, the real cause of the girl's feelings was apparent; from a side path stepped forth a young man, clad in a mountaineer's garb, his great height and proud, manly bearing indicating superiority in many ways. His face and speech bore evidence that, although partly Americanized, he was from the highlands of Scotland.

He raised his cap to the girl, and would have passed on, but she put out an impulsive and detaining hand.

"Who are ye, Adam McGregor, that ye should presume to pass me by with sic scant greeting?"

"I am your true lover, Eve, who will claim ye in eternity if I have to hunt the very bowels of hell after ye. But for time, my lass, I have said ye good-by. Ye have scorned me and mocked me before God and all the men o' this valley, and not e'en your own high pride can reach the topmost branch of the McGregor's tree."

Eve leaned against the bole of a massive pine, while the lips which were white and trembling a moment since grew scarlet and soft in the might of her heart-hunger, and the color came back in swift waves to her cheeks.

"Did ye no remember, Adam, how ye have held me against your breast away back in Scotland's bonny braes? Can ye pass me noo,"—the girl always lapsed into her broadest Scotch when shaken with strong emotion—"can ye pass me noo when I'm starvin', aye to death, for one kind glance o' your e'en and for to lie at rest on your heart?"

The girl looked up and compelled her reluctant lover to lift his own gaze from the ground while she poured into his sad, blue eyes all the pathos and power of her own great appeal.

The hungry love in the brown eyes would surely have conquered his pride

and resolution had she not whispered softly, "I love ye, Adam, better than I love God Himself."

"Ay, that's it; ye're such a fool, Eve, about life that ye can mock even at the Great Father of all. I would have satisfied my own great love for ye long ago, and made ye my ain true wife, for I know full well, lass, that ye love me and me only; but ye are so full o' heathen notions got frae your trumpery books that ye're no a daughter o' your ain good mither, nor would ye be a sweet wifie for me. Ye sometimes seem leagued wi' the very de'il."

Well might the young man say so. For with a toss of the damp curls, she looked out at him with such sweet, mocking power in eyes and lips, that his strong frame shook with emotion.

The girl impulsively raised her arms and came towards him with sweet appealing, when a sudden flash of lightning, followed by a deafening thunder peal, crashed through the forest about them.

With a cry of alarm, he drew her to his breast, and held her with a fierce tenderness. The tree near which she had been standing was rent from top to root. Thank God, her life had been spared and she was safe in his arms.

He was too much overcome for a moment to do aught but hold her to his throbbing heart while he kissed the wet curls so near to his lips.

"Oh, Adam," she said, looking up at last into his tender eyes, "I dinna fear death. It would be sweet in your arms. I dinna fear even sin and shame, Adam; I only fear—aye, fear it worse than disgrace—that ye will go away out to the West and leave me alone. And oh, Adam, I would die, aye, die by my ain han' if ye do that. What ha' I that is not your ain? My heart ye've had sin'

I can remember. And here—here—" with a swift motion she unfastened her cloak. "Am I not your ain, both body and soul?"

But the moment of temptation, if temptation there had been, had passed, and his manhood had reasserted itself. Reverently he drew the cloak around her throat, and after clumsily fastening the clasp, he kissed the girl's throbbing brow and said gently but firmly, "My lass, I couldna' desecrate the woman I love. My manhood and your womanhood stand pure and unsullied till now. With the help o' God neither o' us shall fall."

The rain which had heretofore been fitful, now began to pour in the swift, blinding sheets so common to the hilly country of Tennessee.

With a firm yet gentle grasp the young man removed the clinging arms of his companion, and with a still more gentle touch wound the scarf about the dark tresses of the girl, and said, "Eve, lass, ye must gae hame. Ye're drenched to the skin, and your mither will be spearin after ye."

She felt the repulse, tender but firm, of this big and masterful lover of hers, and what with shame, anger, and love she was hardly conscious of her words.

"Will ye no let me give myself to you, Adam McGregor, for life and for death?"

"Nay, Eve, not now. Not till ye have put away from you the black spirit of anger and mockery which tempts you into such wild and unwomanly ways."

"Then, mark ye, Adam, I will gi' mysel' to the De'il."

She turned and was dashing up the mountain path, when she heard the strong protest of her lover's voice.

"With the help o' God, lass, I'll e'en save ye from yoursel' and from the evil one."

The girl was too angry to catch the hopeful note in the young man's tones; she flew rather than ran along the steep path which led to her own small home on the high mountain side.

When she reached the clearing which constituted their little farm, she found a light already burning in the window of the log house. She plunged into the doorway, bringing the very spirit of the tempest with her.

"Why, mither, what ha' ye got the bit candle burning so early for? It's barely four o' the clock and the night not yet here."

The mother paused as she became aware of her daughter's perturbed condition. "Why, lass, I wanted the candle to smile oot a welcome before ye got it frae yer mither's lips."

The girl could only accept the loving explanation, and with some clatter she drew up the rush-bottomed chair and held out her wet shoes and skirts to steam and dry before the glowing hearth.

"Ye mind the day that it is, Eve? It being what these America people celebrate as Christmas eve. Though I hae no patience with the popery notion o' choosing a heathen day on which to celebrate the birth o' our blessed Savior—our Elders ha' gone up to neighbor Chadwick's, across the valley, and tonight there is to be a meeting there. May be ye'll no mind if I go over till it. I'll be back before midnight."

The simple Scotch woman had no way of conveying her unwelcome news of the meeting save by immediate and direct means.

The girl's brows gathered into a more sullen frown than ever, as she said sharply, "Meetin's, meetin's, meetin's. Ye're gone clear daft wi' this awfu' Mormony bus'ness. Ye're a' a pack o' daft ijits (idiots), tegither, I mind."

"Ma gairl can spak her mind freely in ma hoose whenever she's respectfu' to the mither who bore her. But further than that she maun hold her peace."

The girl winced under the mild but stinging rebuke.

"What on airth has come over my ane girlie with her loving, true heart and her gude ways sin' she was a bit child, I canna fathom. It's only the last sax months that ye seem to be so wild-like and uncanny. Why the look in your e'en sometimes gi'es me the creeps, Eve. When we first settled here in America, eight years syne, ye were as blithe as a bird. Noo, I fear for ye."

"It's the religion ye've tuk up wi, wha's so strange and uncanny, mither. All the folks in the valley and awa in the toone and in a' the bukes and papers say its vile and rotten; and its yersel' and the Chadwick's and Hartley's and my ane Adam McGregor that's uncanny and daft. The very thocht of it makes my bluid boil, and fills me wi' awfu' rage."

"That's it, Eve. It's yersel' as has the speerit o' rage and anger, not me, nor yet puir Adam, who is nigh broken-hearted wi' your wild mocking words to him at the dance in the valley. Ye will lose Adam, and what's manr ye'll lose your ane soul, if ye dinna listen to reason and the words o' your mither."

The girl sprang up and paced up and down the room while her mother quietly completed her arrangements to go out into the gathering night and storm.

"Did ye no meet Adam on the path? 'Twas he as brocht the word about the meeting?"

"Yes, I met Adam McGregor. It might as well have been the de'il himself."

"Ye best howld yer saucy, wicked tongue, Eve Nicholson. If ye're no

careful ye may see the evil one ye talk sae glibly aboot, in his ane person."

"Then let him come. He canna wring my soul mair than does Adam McGregor."

The mother hurried away in the gathering gloom, her heart torn with the angry opposition of her only child and her eyes blinded so by tears that she had often to wipe them with the coarse, heavy shawl she wore over her head and shoulders.

Left alone, the girl mechanically put on the hearth the kettle for the evening porridge, although she was neither hungry nor thirsty herself.

She felt hampered by the belt she had worn all day under her cloak in which was a small but excellent pistol. She had adopted the custom of many of the mountain girls about her, and carried a pistol; partly for protection against lascivious negroes whom she might meet in her lonely rambles, and partly for pastime.

Slipping belt and pistol into her wooden box of clothes on the far side of the room, she went out into the darkness to bring in the night's wood, which she laid on the hearth. Then she beat up the sponge for next day's bread, swept up the hearthstone, and added a few tidy touches to the already clean room. Opening the door she called out into the night, "Donner! Donner!" There was no answering bark. Where could her dog be? Then she remembered that she had last seen her pet down on the path where she had met her lover.

"I wonder if my dog has deserted me, too?" she almost cried aloud.

A spirit of unutterable gloom came over her. Donner was always with her when she was thus left alone in their mountain home, and now she told herself that the fear which would clutch at her heart occasionally, in spite of her strong

nerves, was caused by the absence of her dog.

The wind, which had wailed dismally in the heavy pines on the mountain, had now died down, and the rain poured in a steady, driving stream.

The girl looked at her books in the closet of the quaint old upright clock in the corner. No, she could not read; she felt a powerful loathing of the Bible, that good book which had been the loved companion of all her youthful days. Bunyan, too, was intensely distasteful. She sat sulkily still awhile and then drew out of the drawer of the table the little weekly newspaper of the valley and shuddered as she read the threatening notice, so glaringly displayed, for the Mormons to "get out of the valley" if they wanted whole skins.

She had had it in her heart to tell her mother and her lover of the plot she knew was hatching to trap the Elders and their sympathizers at Chadwick's, tonight or tomorrow night, and fill them full of lead. But her anger was still hot within her and she did not care if all of them were frightened and some of them hurt.

The old-fashioned clock ticked slowly in the corner; the rain beat steadily on the house, and the fire glowed and glimmered in spent activity on the rocky hearth.

A knock, clear and sharp, made the door rattle. Eve sprang to open it; as she did so, a slender, dark, and smooth-shaven man stepped quietly and quickly within.

The girl shrank back instinctively; the man noticed his advantage and with a back-handed thrust closed the door behind him.

"Is your name Miss Eve Nicholson?" he asked, his black, scintillating eyes

burning their way down to her shuddering, frightened soul.

She was not afraid of men, this Scotch-American mountain girl; her sharp tongue had been ample protection to her all her young life. But an indescribable chill settled at the core of her heart through the influence of this dark yet handsome stranger.

He smiled with a lurid gleam of humor playing about the corners of his thin, red lips, as if he read her fear and its cause. He seemed in no hurry to speak, and the girl stood dumb and motionless under his glittering glance. With a deliberate motion he turned a slow comprehending look at the box in the far corner of the room. With a flash Eve remembered that her pistol was there, and that he was between her and the box.

"And is your mother at home?" he asked insinuatingly.

She had not answered his first question; there seemed no need; and anyway, her very tongue clove to her mouth. The slow tick-tock of the old clock counted out the terrible seconds which marked the long pauses made by the stranger.

With an effort she at last answered. "My mother will be home soon," she said, with a brave but huskily-uttered attempt at a subterfuge for her protection.

He still smiled and glanced meaningly around the room. He noted the bed, standing clean and white, yet partly concealed by a curtain. Eve's magnetized eyes followed his own with dumb pain.

"And might I ask you, sweet Eve, you who are so willing to give yourself to sin, if you will give me the pleasure of your company till your mother does return?"

He started towards her; and the movement broke the spell which had enthralled

her. With a gasp which was a muttered prayer she raised her hands for a brief moment to her head, then eluding his grasp, she sprang past him and flung the door wide open.

"Will ye get out of this hoose, ye limb of Satan! If ye dinna want every bone in yer slick body broken ye'd better skoot." With a dash she had opened the door and pointed in majestic fury to the path not visible in the stormy gloom.

The man leered once, half savagely, half mockingly, into her flashing eyes and said, lightly and hissing: "There are other hearts and other souls through which I can reach you, thou scornful beauty! You shall not quite escape me." Then with a bound he sprang out of the door and went in a direction opposite to that taken by the common path to the valley.

Eve closed the door and locked it with shaking fingers. Then she leaned against the wall, her whole body shaken with the violent and dreadful trembling which the influence of the man had caused to come over her. After a moment, she tottered to the wide mantle and throwing her arms on the shelf, she leaned her head over and sobbed and wept as she had not done in years.

She sank exhausted at last in the chair beside the kitchen table.

The rain had ceased, and all without was painfully still. With that awful dread which sometimes comes to weak and suffering women, her being seemed merged into the single sense of hearing. She listened with her whole body.

Not a twig moved without; both wind and rain had ceased as suddenly as they had begun. Within, she noticed no sound, not even the gentle roar of the flaming logs; for the coals were gray and ash-covered on the forgotten hearth. Silence, gray and heavy, seemed wrap-

ped about her like a veil. Subtly yet distinctly the forgotten but familiar tick-tock, tick-tock of the old corner clock penetrated her consciousness. She listened intently, and over her there gradually crept a sentient reverence for this precious family heirloom, whose kitchen music she had heard, as had her mother before her, when she was a babe in arms. Never before had the slow, gentle ticking seemed so sweet in her ears; and yet she recalled the pleasure experienced during hours of illness when a child in counting over and measuring carefully the rhythmic sounds of the pendulum. Now she raised her eyes and looked long and tenderly at the patient, yellow face and somewhat shaky hands. Then a flood of feeling seemed ready to burst within her.

With a dry sob, she threw herself upon her knees, and opening the old door of the clock closet she drew out, with eager hands, the Bible, which but a moment ago had been so distasteful to her. She could not read; her whole being was in commotion. A struggle, of which she was only semi-conscious, was passing, like the storm without, over the valley of her soul. But, oh, it was a joy to feel the dear old leaves of that precious book. Her hands caressed the lids, brown and rusty with age; her fingers turned instinctively the dear pages of that sacred volume.

Then her eye caught the paper lying on the table with the notice about the Mormons; with a blinding flash came the memory of the plot she had overheard, to shoot the Elders that very night, if the weather should be cloudy and dark. With a gasp she sprang to her feet and peered out of the window. Dark? Never over the Tennessee hills had hung such black and lowering clouds.

She threw her scarf and cloak about

her, drew out her small pistol and belted it about her, unfastened the door, and regardless of danger or darkness, dashed down the pathway to the valley. A bark of delight greeted her, and Donner rushed to her and plunged madly ahead of her as if perfectly aware of Eve's errand and of her great change of heart.

Down the valley, into the path around the north bend of the lake and across to the other side, she ran; her scarf caught in the thick pine needles over her, and was torn from her head. She cared not. Her cloak, not fastened in her hurried starting, slipped by degrees from her shoulders, and she dashed it aside at last into the willows by the lake.

Overhead, the clouds scurried and flew, sometimes breaking away to give the half-grown moon a glimpse of the valley and the strange scenes enacting there. The momentary light gave Eve a hope that the murderers would put aside their purpose till another night.

Up the path on the opposite side of the valley, towards the home of the Chaddicks, flew the girl, unaware of her bared head and streaming tresses. Hours had passed, ages, it seemed to her, since she had permitted her darling mother to walk unarmed into the very jaws of death.

Now she stops a moment to listen. Hark! Down to her glad ears float with intermittent sound the distant voices singing a hymn of prayer and praise to the Being whom she has so lately mocked and defied.

"Oh God," she cried aloud in her agony, "spare their dear lives and take my ain puir wretched soul in their stead. Do ye mind, sweet, gentle Savior! I ha' been wicked, wild and stubborn. Tak' me and spare them—spare them a space—each one—dear God, and tak' me!"

She is now so near she can see the glimmer of the lights in the cabin, when sud-

denly a shrill whistle, almost in her very ear, makes her scream with startled fear.

On she plunges; she knows the signal, it is the call of Bud Smith to bring around him his gang of rowdy comrades.

She hears the crashing of twigs and limbs as men seem to spring up all around her; but on she flies.

Reaching the cabin door and setting her strong young back against it, she turned and tried to see the forms of the men gathering about the cabin. The next moment a pistol shot rang in the air.

She felt the ball strike her body, there in her side; but singularly enough, she did not faint nor fall. For a moment the singing ceased and there was a startled commotion. Then under the reassurance of the Elder's voice the meeting proceeded towards its close.

Outside the clouds were parting and the moon looked calmly down upon the terrible tragedy. The mobocrats had collected before the door.

"I know ye, Bud Smith, and you, craven Sam Harker," cried Eve, the courage of her race awakening in her. "I can see ye through your bit of black masks. And Tod Millet—oot upon ye all, ye craven murderers. Ye've put your lead into me, ye dogs, and I'm e'en dyin' before ye. But ye maun gang away noo."

"We didn't care to put holes through you uns, or wimin, Eve Nicholson, but dog Tray must go hang when he yelps round with d——d Mormons. Yer thinking we're going to shoot yer lover; well, we will if he don't let them Mormons be. They be a lot of robbers and cut-throats and they seduce wimmin. They uns has got to git from this yer valley."

"Robbers and cut-throats, do ye say! And what be ye, Bud Smith? Whose bullet is noo in me ain body, and whose knife was it that cut the throat o' his

ain brither over a game o' cards? Ye air a pattern o' morality, Bud! And seducers, did ye say? What's Tod Milliet and Hank Martin? Wasn't it the puir wife of Sam Harker, him that's wi ye noo in this divilish beesness here, which was robbed of her virtue and then murthered between them, because she was a bit flirtatious and pretty and silly wi 'em all? Oh ye're a' fit gardeens o' the public morals, ye air! I maun tak' a' yer names up to heaven wi' me this nicht as models o' puretee and virtue."

The men shrank away from the scathing fury of her words as she poured out her truthful invectives upon them.

"And ye, Parson Todwiller. Ye think I canna tell ye in the great-coat of Dandy Mason's, but yer smock manner would betray ye in the gateway to heaven or hell. What air ye a-doin' here on the very eve o' the day on which ye set up to remember Christ, the Holy One? What hae we to do wi ye? Do ye mind the hoors and days me ain mither hae tended on yer sick and pulin' wife and babbies? And what hae ye paid her wi'? Wi' a bullet in the body o' her own ewe lamb. Ye maun go before your altar tomorrow morn and offer up my life as a token o' yer great pietetee."

The frenzied girl saw one man standing alone and apparently unmoved with all the riotous confusion about him.

"And who be ye that standeth away by yersel'? What is yer beesness here this nicht? Wi' yer black masked face and proud haughty air?"

Just then the door was pulled gently open behind her; within stood three or four women, and three quiet men. Her lover, Adam McGregor, now stepped out beside her.

"And these," she said, pointing within, "that meet together and sing praises to God, ye wud murther e'en as ye hae

done to me. But ye canna, for I hae this night wrenched my ain soul frae sin and Satan, and offered it to God in the stead o' these. And your bullet, Bud Smith and Parson Todwiller, hae made my path to forgiveness and God."

Again she paused; then noting that all the men were slinking away into the gloom of the trees except the one whom she failed to recognize, she cried out:

"Oh, will one o' ye—Adam, dear Adam! will ye pull the mask frae that craven face and let me see every one o' my murtherers?"

With a spring Adam was beside the man, and in a flash the mask was torn from the dark, smooth, sneering features.

Eve gave one piercing shriek. "It's the De'il himself!" she cried, and sank into the arms of her despairing lover.

* * * * *

It was weeks before Eve Nicholson was conscious or out of danger. She lay many a weary day tossing and burning in fever, going over again in her mind the events of that awful night. Exposure and excitement had done their work; her long tangled tresses had been cut from her tossing head, and about her pale face clung a crop of short, soft curls.

At length one quiet Sabbath afternoon in the early spring, she lay on her bed strong enough now to talk and be talked to by mother, lover and friends.

Their quiet morning services had been held, for the little band of Latter-day Saints had not met together since the night before Christmas.

As the girl lay gazing at the familiar objects of the room, with her soul softened, mellowed, and subdued by past experiences, and her hands spread out over the precious Bible and Book of Mormon, she listened musingly to the tick-tock, tick-tock of the family heirloom in the corner, and the sound seemed

to weave itself closely into happy thoughts that curved her sweet, red lips into a charming smile.

"Mother, when we gang—I mean go"—she corrected herself, for she was breaking herself of her broadest Scotch, "When we go out West to Utah we maun take the dear old clock, hey mother?"

The gentle, white-haired old lady smiled assent, as she rocked herself gently to and fro. The birds sang outside, and the scent of the pines mingled with the fragrance of the wall-flowers in the little sunny window. The girl though dressed still lay nestled gratefully down in the snowy pillows, as if the rest were welcome after her long illness.

"Do ye hear, Donner?" asked the mother, quick to warn the girl of coming events, lest they should unduly startle her.

"Do I hear my ain heart that beats like mad within me whenever that dear body comes anear. Donner, does na feel it sae quick as I, dear mither!"

The dog sprang to the door, and a perfect fusilade of yelps and barks announced the coming of Adam and his faithful companion.

"Hoot, toot," he called to the dogs. "Will ye shut yer noisy throats? Ye'll split the ears o' my lass, wi' your barking. Get away!" And under the low doorway bowed the tall form of Eve's lover.

He came at once to the bedside to fold within his arms the trembling girl he loved so well. He felt no need of apology or explanation to the mother, who had known him and his love for her child from his boyhood.

After a long and loving kiss, he sat down by the head of the bed, with his arm about Eve.

"Oh mother, this is the glory of

heaven!" sighed the happy girl as she gazed lovingly at the manly face bent above her. "'Tis the glory of heaven, after the shame of death and hell driven out of my body by that deadly bullet."

"Lassie, dear," said her lover, quietly looking into her eyes, "the bullet didna enter your body."

"What!" she cried, springing feebly up in her surprise. "Not enter my body? What do ye say? Did I not feel the shock o' it when it struck me here?" And she put her hand over her belt.

"Yes, lassie, you did feel the shock. But your ain little pistol was between you and the death-dealing bullet. It never touched your body."

She lay and looked at him long and earnestly. This was the first time they had tried to rid her mind of the hallucination.

"And didna the Lord then heal up the hole so that e'en my ain mither couldna find it?" she asked wonderingly.

"No, Eve. The Lord turned aside the bullet from you at the first. You offered your sacrifice, like Abraham of old, and like his, it was accepted without a touch from the hand of Death."

"Weel, weel!" she murmured. She lay silent and pondering a long time. Then a sudden thought came into her mind. "And what hae I been sick wi' a' these mony weeks and months?"

"Wi' what these American doctors call your nerves, dear. You were all but dead for days from the shock and horror of your experiences."

"And perhaps ye'll be tellin' me it wanna the De'il who was here and begged for me in this very hoose and then led the men up to Chadwick's to murther ye all!"

Adam looked very grave. For a moment he said nothing; then he answered quietly, "I wouldna talk aboot that, Eve,

ever again. I saw the terrible white-faced stranger that night; I tore the mask from his face mysel'. But who or what he was, or where from, we have never found out. But he was just a man; we could all see that. Whate'er he was, he has never been seen from that night. I could not even trace in the soft mud a single footprint from this cabin but your own—although I searched for days. But calm yourself, my lassie, and dinna talk of this. Do ye remember what the Savior says? Drive out evil wi' good. If we would keep the De'il away from us, we must keep the angels close to us. So dinna talk, dinna think o' him again."

The girl nestled quietly down 'in the arms of her lover, and the two sat thus for a long while.

The mother read aloud for some time from one of the sacred books upon her knee.

Eve caressed with perfect happiness the bearded cheek so close to her own, and thought several peaceful thoughts of future happiness and future work.

At last, the old clock clanged out the hour of three. Adam raised his head and counted the strokes. Then he turned to the girl in his arms, and said, "Dost know, lassie, what this day is?"

"Yes, Adam, mother has been tellin' me. It's the sixth day o' April; the day on which your Church and mine too, dear ad, was set up on this earth. And mother says, too, maist like it is the day on which our Savior was born in Judea. She has been tellin' me a' these things just noo."

"Eve, shall we, you and I, make this day our happiest day on earth?"

The girl looked at him with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

"My lass, shall we not vow to God to-day that from this day into eternity itself we will belong to each other?"

"I canna understandye, Adam. Do ye mean we shall be married sure and safe this day?"

"Aye, love, forever!"

He held her close, and tried to calm the tumult of emotion he saw rising within her and which was surging through himself.

"And how can a girl be married, lad, wi'out a weddin' gown?" she asked wonderingly.

"Do ye not see your mother getting out of her box her own white wedding gown, which I have sat and watched her, all these nights when you have slept, turn and fashion into something meet for my ain sweet wife?"

"Your wife, Adam? Your wife? Oh, can it be? I thought I e'en must wait till we had gotten up to Utah. And now, Adam? Your wife? To-day?"

He kissed the trembling lips so tenderly, with such chivalrous devotion and yet such delicate sympathy, that she calmed herself and raised herself in his arms.

"And who is to marry us, Adam, love? And am I not to be baptized?"

"Elder Chadwick, my lass, will soon be here. We have talked this over long ago. We fear to have you baptized until you are my wife and under my protection; for the wicked men here are determined no young girls shall join our Church. Next month we all hope to start for Zion. But I must have my wife first, Eve. Will she marry me?"

"Marry ye? Oh Adam!" she sighed with a joy so heavy at her heart that it resembled sorrow.

"I will go down the path and meet Elder Chadwick, while your mother makes you brave and sweet for our wedding day."

The girl submitted to the changing of her garments, while her mother cried

softly, petting her and whispering to her of the great joy in store for her. The tears of her mother fell like softening rain upon her cheeks and hair, and made her own to flow even in the sunshine of her smiles.

"His wife!" She would whisper occasionally to herself while her heart trembled within her at the word.

At last they stood, he so tall and handsome, she frail and white from sickness but starry-eyed and glowing with the happiness which swept over her like a grand symphony.

The old man's voice was deep and solemn with the weight of the promised blessings to the newly wedded pair. Could heaven contain any sweeter joy than this?

Adam took his wife in his arms and carried her to the bed, and as he laid her once more at rest in the pillows he whispered:

"Remember this day, my sweet, as the birthday of our wedded life and the birthday of our blessed Lord and Savior; and forget from this moment your terrible Christmas experience."

Homespun.

THE GOSPEL IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Augustine's Threat Fulfilled—The Massacre of the Monks of Bangor—Conclusion—Chronological Table.

CHAPTER XVI.

(CONCLUSION.)

AUGUSTINE was angered at receiving such a decided refusal from the British bishops, and did not forget the threats which he had uttered. He laid the matter before King Ethelbert who was not unwilling to see the western Britons af-

flicted. Ethelbert therefore incited Ethelfred, King of Northumbria, to march against them. Ethelfred having lately obtained a victory over the Northern Britons, raised a large army with the assistance of other petty Saxon kings and marched towards Chester, which at that time was held by the Britons. Brockmael,* a British prince, was in command of the latter. He not only had assembled a large body of fighting men, but was accompanied by several hundred monks who had gathered from the surrounding monasteries, though principally from that at Bangor, which was in the immediate vicinity. For three days these pious men had fasted and prayed for the success of the British arms. They now knelt on an elevation near the army for the purpose of encouraging, by their prayers and exhortations, the spirits of their brave defenders. Ethelfred, struck with the novelty of the sight of so many unarmed men clothed in white on the field of battle, inquired the reason of their presence, and was told they were monks from Bangor who had come to offer up prayers for the success of their army. The monarch said, "If they cry to their God against us, then they fight against us with their prayers." Enraged at an opposition so singular, and stimulated by hatred of a religion which threatened the destruction of paganism, Ethelfred ordered his army to first attack this defenseless band. Twelve hundred of these unfortunate men were cut to pieces; fifty only of the whole number present escaped the enemy's sword.

This unfavorable omen might naturally have cooled the ardor of a less intense people; but it seems that the Britons re-

* Otherwise called Brochwel Ysgythriog.

garded this act of Ethelfred as sacrilege, and though in the action which ensued, and in the pursuit, they were terribly slaughtered, it appears, by the great loss which their enemies sustained, that though greatly outnumbered they made a spirited resistance.* After the battle the Saxon prince marched to Bangor, put as many priests and students to the sword as had not fled at his coming, and utterly destroyed, by burning, its numerous churches, colleges and halls.† Ethelfred then attempted to penetrate into Wales; but his passage over the Dee was disputed by the prince of Powys, who gallantly sustained the



MASSACRE OF THE MONKS OF BANGOR.

charge until relieved by Cadvan, the king of North Wales, by Meredyth, the king of South Wales, and Bledus, the sovereign of Cornwall.‡ When the confederated princes had joined their forces they called religion to their aid. Demo-

* Tallesin, the British bard, was present at this battle. He writes:

"I saw the oppression of the tumult; the wrath and tribulation;

The blades gleaming on the bright helmets."

† The ruins of the monastery were still in existence in the days of King Henry VIII.

‡ Meredyth and Bledus are sometimes called Mardon and Blederic.

thus, the abbot of Bangor, made an oration to the army; and before the action, gave orders that every soldier should kiss the ground, in commemoration of the body of Christ; and should take up water in his hands out of the river Dee, and drink it in remembrance of His sacred blood, which was shed for them. Animated by this act of devotion, which in these times had a powerful influence, and stung with resentment for the disgrace and injuries they had lately received, the Britons encountered the Saxons with great bravery, entirely defeated them with the loss of ten thousand and sixty men, and obliged Ethelfred with the remainder of his army to retreat into his own country. Ethelfred,* though wounded, escaped to Litchfield, but was pursued by Cadvan and afterwards by him besieged in the city of York. Peace followed, and Cadvan was acknowledged as pendragon, but in the then existing conditions that dignity could extend no further than the command of the united forces of the remaining Britons. The British army in returning halted on the scene of the devastation at Bangor; the ashes of the noble monastery were still smoking—its libraries, the collection of centuries, were consumed—half ruined walls, gates, and smouldering rubbish were all that remained of its magnificent edifices, and these were everywhere crimsoned with the blood and interspersed with the bodies of priests, students and choristers. The scene left a quenchless desire for further vengeance on the minds of the Kymric soldiery.

Thus terribly was the threat of Augustine brought to pass. It is doubtful if he lived to see the fulfillment of his

* According to Matthew of Westminster, Ethelfred was slain in A.D. 617, by Redwold, king of the East Angles.

angry prophecy. On this point there is a great diversity of authority. Some writers state that Augustine was not only alive but present at the massacre of the priests. Others take the contrary view. Mr. Yoewell says: "The most probable date of the two conferences (for both are believed to have been held in the same year) is 603. St. Augustine died in 605; and the battle of Chester, or as the Welsh have named it, 'the battle of the orchard of Bangor,' appears to have been fought in 607, or as some accounts say, 613." The poet, Milton, in his history of England, places the date at A. D. 607 (certainly the most probable one) and adds: "To excuse Austin of this bloodshed, lest some might think it his revengeful policy, Bede writes that he was dead long before, although if the time of his sitting archbishop be right computed sixteen years, he must survive this action. Other just ground of charging him with this imputation appears not, save what evidently we have heard from Geoffrey Monmouth, whose weight we know."

At this point we can consistently close. The Gospel no longer existed in Britain. Indeed it is very doubtful if any one having authority from God had trod its coasts for centuries. It is as difficult to determine with regard to Britain as to other lands, when the last remnants of the true church disappeared. Undoubtedly there were many zealous, disinterested, conscientious men who devoted their lives to the service of God and the good of their fellows after all divine authority had been withdrawn, but such men have always lived. Our contention is simply this: that by this time the universal apostasy that covered all the earth had completely enveloped the British Isles and its future religious

history, for many centuries, is simply the history of jarring sects until Roman Catholicism gained complete supremacy.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.*

B. C.

55 Julius Caesar invaded Britain.

A. D.

43 Invasion of Britain under Aulus Plautius.

51 Caradoc taken prisoner, and sent to Rome with his family.

60 Christianity first introduced into Britain.

62 Revolt and defeat of Boadicea.

177 Martyrdom of Christians at Lyons and Vienne.

180 Conversion of Lucius, a British king.

185 Christianity introduced into Scotland.

303 Diocletian persecution.

304 Martyrdom of Alban, Amphibalus, Aaron and Julius.

314 Council of Arles.

325 Council of Nice.

347 Council of Sardica.

359 Council of Ariminum.

402 Christianity introduced into Ireland.

412 Ninian converts the Southern Picts.

420 Pelagianism spreads in Britain.

422 Britain abandoned by the Romans.

429 Germanus and Lupus, Gallican bishops, visit Britain; Alleluia! Victory.

446 Council of Verulam on Pelagian heresy.

447 Germanus and Severus visit Britain.

449 Hengist and Horsa arrive in the Isle of Thanet.

470 Dubricus appointed bishop of Llandaff.

512 Death of Iltutus.

516 King Arthur flourished.

517 The Yellow Plague devastates Wales.

519 Synod of Llandewi Brevi; David appointed to the primacy of Caerleon.

520 The great victory gained by the Britons at Mount Badon.

522 Death of Dubricus.

544 Death of St. David.

546 King Arthur mortally wounded.

563 Columba's arrival at Iona.

586 Theonius, bishop of London, and Tadiacus, archbishop of York, retire into Wales.

596 Death of Asaph; arrival of Augustine in Kent.

597 Augustine consecrated at Arles as "Bishop of the English." Death of Columba.

603 Conference of Augustine with the British prelates.

605 Death of Augustine.

607 or 613 Slaughter of the Bangor clergy by Ethelfred.

* Many of these dates are disputed.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

XXIV.

(CONCLUSION.)

A NIGHT'S sail from Sebastopol brings us to Odessa. It is customary to start from the former place during the early evening, and to reach the latter before business hours the next morning. Odessa ranks as chief among the commercial cities of southern Russia. According to the latest census returns, it supports a population of nearly half a million, of



ODESSA, RUSSIA, GENERAL VIEW.

whom about one-third are Jews. The city has scarcely passed its period of infancy, having been founded by Catherine II. as late as 1792. Its situation has been severely criticized; the water supply is remote; wood is scarce, and no navigable stream is within convenient distance. Nevertheless the city has been prosperous almost from the time of its establishment. To compensate the lack of a natural harbor, moles have been constructed, and a port, artificially maintained, there flourishes.

A general view of the town is presented in a photograph herewith. The

houses, mostly of stone, are as a rule neat and comfortable. Until within recent years the streets were left in their natural state, resembling a dust-bed in dry weather, and a quagmire in the rainy season. A pictorial caricature was recently current, representing a new arrival, with carriage and pair, hopelessly mired in one of the principal thoroughfares; the accompanying inscription read, "How to establish one's self at Odessa." Of late the streets have been greatly improved; some have been paved, others macadamized; boulevards have been laid out, and a generally modern aspect has been assumed. The prosperity of Odessa depends upon the sea; the landward side is still a desert, marked, says Murray, "by a dreary steppe of so intractable a soil that trees and shrubs, with the exception of the acacia, rarely attain any size, and in many places will not even live. The narrow strip along the seashore * * * is the only oasis of vegetation in the neighborhood of the city. Artesian borings have been made in the town to a depth of six hundred feet for water, but hitherto without success. Fuel is likewise very dear."

The granaries of Odessa are of interesting importance; they form temporary store houses for the grain produce of the tschernozoum or "black earth region," and of other fertile districts in the central and southern parts of the empire. Large slaughter houses are maintained for the treatment of cattle and sheep from the steppes.

In the history of the town the name of the Duc de Richelieu, a French immigrant, frequently occurs; he has been honored alike by the imperial government and by the inhabitants of Odessa, whom he was always pleased to regard as fellow-citizens. His statue in bronze adorns the center of the principal boule-

vard; the figure is placed at the top of a substantial stairway in stone leading to the shore. The stairway, which is both costly and strong, is of little practical use, and it has been facetiously remarked that Richelieu himself, "would, in all probability, be the first person to descend it."

One of Odessa's attractions, of the slum order it must be said, is the Toll Chuck. This is a so-called market, which for motley crowds, hubbub, and poverty-stricken aspect in general equals, if it does not surpass, the scenes of Whitechapel and Petticoat Lane in



STATUE OF RICHELIEU, ODESSA, RUSSIA.

London. Most of the "merchants" in the Toll Chuck are mendicant Jews. The market itself is a marvel of variety. There one may find something of everything, occasionally new, more generally second hand. The common belief is that stolen articles make up the stock-in-trade of these nondescript dealers. In "Shoe Alley," "Old Clothes Row," "Hardware Avenue," etc., one finds a great display of trash of the sort suggested by the name and of many other kinds. The stock belonging to one

vendor, whose basket I examined, consisted of a patched pair of shoes, a bundle of rusty nails, two or three pairs of gilded cuff buttons, a few old watch chains, some slices of ill-looking watermelon, and a heap of rusty pins. In some of the obscure alleys a number of soldiers may be seen, offering for sale a lot of loaves of coarse, black bread, saved, I was told, from their scanty rations, to be sold for a trifle to augment the allowance of thirty to sixty kopecks (fifteen to thirty cents) which constitutes the monthly pay of a common soldier.

In Odessa, the Jews are treated with a consideration somewhat greater than that accorded them in any other city of the realm. Indeed in most towns the persecuted Jews can obtain permission to stay over-night only with the greatest difficulty. But in Odessa these ancient people, now a hiss and a by-word to all others, are allowed the rights of residence and some protection; by common consent the principal boulevard of the town is surrendered to them as an avenue of promenade on Saturday evenings.

If we seek to leave Russia by overland journey from Odessa, we will probably pass through Poland, and in so doing we ought to pause at Warsaw, the capital of an unfortunate nation now a nation no longer. The city is grandly situated; it possesses many fine buildings, with magnificent gardens and beautiful promenades. The principal structure is the Zamek, formerly the palace of the kings. There are buildings which once belonged to an influential university, but the institution has been suppressed since the country passed under Russian domination.

The country wails forth a sad story of affliction and suffering. After many years of harassing warfare, the Poles were partially subjugated and their coun-

try divided during the reign of Catherine II., empress of Russia. This division, known in history as the first partition of Poland, gave to each of three "imperial robbers," Catherine of Russia, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Maria Theresa of Austria, a part of Polish territory, leaving however a fragment still to be called Poland with a nominal king. In 1793, after a disastrous war with Russia a second partition occurred, Russia and Prussia each seizing a portion of the already greatly diminished territory. One year later the Poles were again in arms, struggling to regain some of their

country's ambition was gratified; Poland was a dependency of Russia, the country as declared by the empress herself had become a convenient "doormat," upon which she stood to gaze upon her western possessions.

But the people were not yet conquered. As a result of their determined struggles Poland was re-established as a constitutional kingdom, tributary to Russia, by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The Poles smarted under the tyrannical rule of the czar, and in 1830 rose in open insurrection. The revolt, at first partially successful, was afterward suppressed, and the so-called rebels were put to punishment without mercy. The constitution of the kingdom was abolished, the country was made a Russian province and in the course of one year eighty thousand Poles were banished to Siberia. The native population of Poland today, while counted as Russian subjects, are at heart opposed to the nation that has vanquished them, and generations must pass before unity of feeling can reasonably be hoped for between the victors and their subjects.

And now our journeyings in the land of the czar are approaching their termination. We may take passage on fast express train at Warsaw for either Berlin or Vienna. At the frontier, passports are examined, and the traveler finds that getting out of Russia is quite as difficult an undertaking as is that of gaining entrance to the country.



CRACOW STREET, WARSAW, POLAND.

lost liberties. In this contest they were led by their patriot-chief Koskiusko, an illustrious soldier whose sword had been wielded in the cause of American freedom between 1777 and 1783. Defeat again attended the patriot Poles, Koskiusko was wounded, and taken prisoner; Warsaw the capital of the ill-fated kingdom was captured; and in 1795 occurred the third and final partition by which Poland as an independent country was removed from the map. Cruel Cathe-

rine's ambition was gratified; Poland was a dependency of Russia, the country as declared by the empress herself had become a convenient "doormat," upon which she stood to gaze upon her western possessions.

The present situation of the masses in Russia—the common people, illiterate, ignorant, and grovelling—who constitute so large a proportion of the autocrat's subjects, is indeed pitiable. Yet even these are not without organization, nor are their rudimentary systems devoid of merit. They hardly realize their lack of liberty; and with their lot they are generally content.

The vast extent of Russian territory, and the heterogenous composition of the people, have been before mentioned, and the effectiveness of the govermental system has received our passing attention. At the head of the autocracy stands the czar, whose will is specifically declared to be the supreme law of the nation. Peter the Great described him as one "who has to give an account of his acts to no one on earth, but has power and authority to rule his estates and lands as a Christian sovereign according to his own will and judgment." His right to intervene or interfere in any operations of the established ministries or councils is unquestioned, though plainly he can be personally acquainted with but little of what is being done by the officials of state. The principal departments of the government, supposedly within the immediate view of the emperor, are the council of state, the committee of ministers, the senate, and the ecclesiastical council, or holy synod. The council of state is charged with the duties of supervising the budget of public expenditures, the levying and collecting of the imperial taxes, negotiations for peace and authorizations of war, and all affairs of the realm of sufficient importance to call for imperial notice. The committee of ministers has little collective authority, or cohesive strength; each minister is individually answerable to the czar, and harmony of

action is by no means a usual characteristic of the committee in its deliberations. The senate was at one time the supreme council of the nation, with powers of regency during the minority or other disability of the sovereign; at present it is little more than a court of appeals. The holy synod is composed of prominent dignitaries of the church, appointed by the czar. While the synod is professedly the governing body in ecclesiastical matters, its official acts are inoperative until sanctioned by the emperor or by the procureur, a layman appointed as the imperial representative in church matters. These chief councils operate through a complicated system of subordinate departments, bureaus, and committees; and every government or main division of the country is under the supervision of a governor and his staff of local ministers.

Extensive as is the country of the czar, comprising nearly a sixth of the total land area of the globe, the Russian appetite for more is yet unsatisfied. The eager desire to secure control of Turkey has been bequeathed as a legacy by every occupant of the imperial throne since Peter the Great; but this rapacity of the czars has thus far been held in effectual check by the other great powers of the eastern world. Russia's strength has been and is largely that of force; warfare is a common and almost a constant occupation of the nation. In view of this fact, so generally known, the czar's recent proposal for a universal disarmament, and the inauguration of an era of peace in which diplomacy is to take the place of physical force and arbitration that of bloody contest, is naturally regarded by other powers with surprise and some suspicion of hidden purpose. The suggestion of his imperial majesty has challenged and received the attention of

statesmen everywhere, and the civilized world is anxiously awaiting the result.

J. E. Talmage.

THE BABY'S STOCKING.

"The rent must be paid, Mrs. Clark. Excuses don't count with me. Seems to me that you are very comfortable for people who complain of having nothing. It must take a considerable sum to keep you in fuel from the looks of that fire. Such extravagance generally leads to the poor-house."

"Would you have us freeze, sir?" demanded the little woman, indignantly. "It is true we burn a great deal of wood," her eyes wandering to the fireplace which was full of bright, burning logs; "but my children hauled the wood here with their own little hands from the old saw mill which was burned down last fall. It cost us nothing, and my little ones shall be kept warm if we do lack for bread." Her voice faltered, and she turned away to hide her tears.

The children had been sent to play in one corner of the room so that they might not hear. But both Grace and Harold kept their eyes fixed upon Mr. Peters all the time, and now when they saw their mother turn away and cry, it was almost more than they could bear. Harold doubled up his sturdy fists, and both he and Grace gave Mr. Peters such a defiant, scornful gaze that he fairly ached to get hold of them and shake them until their teeth should chatter. He arose, and glowered so sternly at them from under his shaggy brows that baby screamed and ran to her mother.

"Mean man, mamma; baby 'fraid of him. Send him 'way, send him 'way!"

"Hush, dear, he will not hurt you. Mamma has you safe."

"Humph!" growled the surly land-

lord; "pretty manners you teach the little brats. Think they own the place, eh? Well, Mrs. Clark, I'll give you until the end of the week to get the rent money, and if it is not ready by then I'll have to turn you out into the street."

He stalked grimly out, leaving the door open; and a great gust of snow came blowing in. Grace ran and closed it, then came back white and shivering,

"Mamma, does he mean it?" she asked in a frightened voice. "Would he---could he be so cruel, and our papa so sick?"

"Heaven help us, my darling!" answered the mother with quivering lips. "He could turn us out today if he desired. I do not know what to do; the money is all gone, and we need food and medicine. But you must not say anything to papa; he is too ill to be worried with it, and it would do no good, anyway."

"Mamma, it will be Christmas tomorrow," said little Harold, coming up and patting her softly on the cheek, "and then you know we will have lots of things. Old Santa Claus will come tonight and bring us everything nice like he always does on Christmas. Had you forgotten about him, mamma?"

"My little man, Santa Claus cannot come to us this year. We are too poor--"

"Too poor! Well, he must be a stingy, mean old fellow—worse than Mr. Peters—if he doesn't visit poor peoples."

"Oh, no, dear," quickly replied mamma, perceiving what a fearful mistake she had made, Santa Claus tries to visit all little boys and girls in the land, but sometimes he cannot get to every house, especially when he does not know where they live."

"Why didn't you write to him, mamma, and tell him where we had

moved to? I know he would have come then. Oh, dear, what if he goes to where we used to live and gives all our presents to those other children in mistake! I 'most know he will."

"No one lives there now," said Grace, "so he will know we have moved. I guess he will find us, mamma. Don't you think so?"

"No, my precious darlings," answered their mother in a choked voice. It was so hard, so painful to tell them the cruel truth. They had such faith and hope; how could she lay the grim, bare facts before their innocent, trusting little souls? "It is going to be a terrible night," she went on bravely, "oh, so cold; and Santa Claus would surely freeze if he tried to find his way here in the storm even if he knew the way. So you must try to be brave and not fret about it. I must go to papa now."

She hurried from the room, unable to bear the sight of those two blank, disappointed little countenances. She could hear Harold's quiet sobs as she went.

Baby Nell, who was too young to understand anything that had been said, climbed up to the cupboard door and peeped in.

"Baby tired of bed and milk; want Santa Taus send tupboard full of take. G'ace, why is 'ou and boy kying? Is 'ou naughty?"

"Don't tell baby," sobbed Grace, turning to her brother.

"Cause," her faith in Santa Claus reviving, "he might come, you see, after all; and there's no use in making baby feel bad until we have to, anyway."

"Do you think he really might come?" asked Harold, drying his eyes. "But mamma said he wouldn't, and mamma knows more than little boys and girls."

"Yes, but God knows the most of all," quickly returned Grace. "When we say

our prayers we can ask him to send Santa Claus if it won't be too cold for him. But we won't hang up our stockings."

"No, 'cause then mamma might feel bad that we didn't 'xactly believe her."

"How quiet the children are today," said Mr. Clark, as his wife sat down beside him after replenishing the fire and giving him his medicine. "As a rule, they are unusually noisy when you leave them alone for a little while."

"They have just found out that Santa Claus cannot come tonight. Oh, Arthur, it was so hard to tell them! I almost broke down when I saw how they took it to heart."

"Poor little treasures!" He sighed heavily, then moved about restlessly in bed. "If I were only well! I must try to get up."

"No, no, Arthur," she put her head down quite close to his for a minute while she whispered soothingly. "Do not worry, the little ones will soon forget their trouble. Only try to get well and then we will look for brighter days."

"But how am I to get well lying here day after day?" he inquired ruefully. "Isn't it strange that Peters hasn't been here since I was sick? There's that mortgage due next month, too. I must get well or we shall soon be in the poor-house. And our little ones—what a shame to disappoint them so when they have thought of nothing else for weeks. Marian, this is a cruel world for the poor."

Brave little Marian stifled her own dark fears, and sought to brighten and cheer him; she laughed at his misgivings, talked merrily about the future, and spoke so lightly about their "little troubles" that he thought things could not be so bad as he had imagined. Still it seemed strange that she had been able

to make those few dollars last so many weeks. Every day he had dreaded to hear her say that there was nothing left to eat; but up to the present time he, at any rate, had not lacked either for food or medicine.

"What a brave, light-hearted little woman you are?" he exclaimed admiringly. "You always look upon the bright side of life, and never get discouraged as I do."

She smiled, then turned her head to hide the sudden expression of pain which flitted across her features.

She was glad that he was so blind, glad that he could not read that other side. She could smile and talk cheerfully while at the same time her heart was in a fever of anxiety and dread. With feelings akin to despair, she chattered gaily on, while wondering where the next meal was coming from. The dreaded form of Mr. Peters loomed up before her vision all the while, and already in her imagination she saw her sick husband and her delicate babes turned into the street to perish from hunger and cold. Of herself she never gave a thought; she had scarcely tasted food for several days in order that the scanty supply might hold out longer for her little family.

"Marian! Turn this way, dear, and let me see your face. It seems to me that you are looking pale and—"

She interrupted him with a kiss and laughingly called him an old worrier, and said he must quit it or he never would get well.

"It is time you had your broth, sir," she said. "So leave go of my hand and let me go prepare it."

"What a thin, hard-working little hand it is."

"Nonsense! you will have me imagining I really am sick, if you keep on."

She hastened out and soon returned with a steaming bowl of soup and bread. He ate it with evident relish, and when it was gone asked if there was more.

Marian turned quite pale, and drew in her breath sharply.

"I do not think you had better eat any more tonight, dear," she said rather hesitatingly. "It might not be good for you," she finished lamely.

She took the tray and murmuring something about the children's supper, went out closing the door behind her.

"How could I tell him that there is nothing left to eat. God pity us, I know not what to do."

"Mamma, baby is so hung'y."

"We will soon have supper, little pet. I expect Harold and Grace are ready for it, too."

She turned to them inquiringly as she spoke, but neither made reply. Their little hearts were so full of disappointment that they had forgotten to be hungry. They usually crowded around their mamma while she made the porridge, and each one took turns in stirring it. Tonight, however, they sat very still in their little chairs by the fire, and gazed into its ruddy glow with such sober, tear-stained little faces that it made the mother's heart ache. It was hard to keep back her own tears, but she knew it would never do to break down now.

"Come to supper, dearies," she called cheerily.

"Mamma's sweet baby girl has put the chairs around. Nice little girl to help tired mamma!"

"Oh, mamma, I forgot to stir the porridge!" exclaimed Grace.

Poor mamma had sat down wearily. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm sick of old porridge," muttered Harold sulkily. He was naturally a very

sweet-tempered child, but tonight he felt quite rebellious and out of sorts. He took a few mouthfuls then pushed away his plate impatiently.

"Mamma," said baby, taking the cue from her brother, "baby sick of dis, want take."

"We haven't any cake, pet; baby must eat her porridge or go without. We haven't anything else in the house."

"No bread, mamma?"

"Only enough for papa's breakfast."

The remainder of the meal was eaten in silence. Harold quietly stole from the table and began to undress for bed.

"Harold, dear," called his mamma sadly, for he was marching off without one word, "are you going to bed without kissing mamma good-night?"

The little fellow came back half reluctantly, half ashamed, his face all puckered with frowns and pouts. Then he felt his mamma's arms about him and her kisses and tears were rained upon his face.

"Don't cry, mamma, I'll be good," he sobbed; "I do love you, if I am naughty sometimes."

"I am so sorry that my little boy is so disappointed about Christmas, but dearie—"

"Never mind, mamma, I don't care much." Then slipping from her arms he ran away calling back as he went: "Tell papa goodnight for me. Come on, Grace, and tell me a bed-time story."

"Is baby going to bed with sister?" asked Grace, holding out her hands coaxingly, but little Nell only shook her head and clung the more tightly to mamma.

"Go to bed with sister, little pet; mamma must go to papa."

"Well, when baby hangs up her 'tocking,'" and with that she pulled off her tiny black hose and ran to the fire-

place. "Dis one dot a hole in; all the tandy fall out. Baby put dis dood one for Santa Taus to fill."

"Oh, Nell, dear!" cried Grace, "you mustn't—"

"Hush!" interrupted mamma warningly, "don't tell her." She turned away with a choking voice.

Grace's thoughtful eyes wandered to grandpa's picture hanging above the fire-place.

"Mamma," said she gravely, "what do you suppose became of grandpa's will? He always called Harold his little heir, and then he died without leaving us a cent."

"It has always been a mystery, dear," returned mamma sadly. "Dear grandpa died so suddenly. We wanted for nothing while he lived, and I am certain he intended to leave half of his fortune to us; but when he died the will was missing, and his brother got everything."

"Never mind, mamma, we have dear grandpa's picture," whispered Grace consolingly, "and tomorrow perhaps somebody may remember us."

"If they do not, we shall starve," said mamma in a more desperate tone than she had ever used before. "There is nothing left, and poor papa so sick. Now go to bed and take sleepy Nell."

One little empty stocking hung by the fire-place. The mother sobbed aloud as she pictured her darling's disappointed little face when on the morrow that little empty stocking should meet her gaze.

"Such a tiny stocking," she said, kissing the little toe, "It would take so little to fill it,—so little."

She stole softly to the door of the children's room, and listened. They were praying aloud.

"Now, Lord," came Harold's voice, "don't forget to let Santa Claus find the way; and please do bring us something to eat; and make papa well. Amen."

Then Grace's sweet little appeal went up to the throne.

"Dear Lord, please send us some daily bread and other things to eat; don't let Mr. Peters bother our mamma; and please make our papa well this very night. Let Santa Claus come if you can. Amen."

"Amen," softly responded the mother half aloud, then she stole away as quietly as she came, to the room of her sick husband.

"Grace, I just b'lieve I heard God say Amen!" whispered Harold as they climbed into their beds.

Mrs. Clark stood by her husband's side and watched him as he lay asleep. How much better he looked. If he could only have proper nourishment he would soon be well. Alas, there was barely enough in the house to feed one hungry mouth once more: how she dreaded the morrow! With a bitter sigh she turned away and sank wearily down in front of the fire-place.

It was a terrible night. The storm had increased in fury. The wind wailed and moaned like a lost soul. She shuddered convulsively. It seemed so like the despair and pain surging within her own bosom. How cold it was growing! She put more wood on the smouldering coals, and crouched closer to the fire.

The snow-storm had become a blizzard, the wind fairly shrieked, and seemed as though it would blow down the old house. Her face grew very white and stony. Morning would soon be here. Her babies would cry for food, and there would be nothing for them. Her head sank down against the rocking-chair, and her over-burdened heart gave way under its heavy strain. Then in a stifled voice she sobbed until her slender frame was completely worn out. She was so ex-

hausted that she fell off to sleep with her head still resting against the old chair, the fire-light shining on her wan, tired face.

It seemed but a few minutes that she thus slept, but in reality it was several hours. When she suddenly awoke, somebody was standing over her, surely it could not be—yes, it was her husband in his dressing gown, his face expressive of great alarm.

"Marian, little wife, are you ill?"

"Why, no," she answered, attempting to rise, then sinking back weakly; "I am tired, that is all."

He stooped down, raised her in his arms and put her into the chair.

"Arthur, what does this mean?" she asked in bewilderment. "Why did you get up? You will be worse."

"Oh, Marian, you frightened me so. I was awakened by a terrible crash and thought the house must be falling down. I raised up in great alarm and saw you lying here looking—O, so strange," shuddering deeply. He took her face between his two hands and looked at her long and searchingly. "My poor little wife, what have you been doing to yourself? It is you who are ill. I am going to change places with you now, you poor, tired out little woman."

There was a long, sweet silence in which she nestled close to him, forgetting for the time all her troubles.

"See," he whispered, as the gray dawn came stealing through the window, "it is Christmas morning; and the storm has ceased."

The door between their room and the children's opened, and the two older children looked in.

"Why, papa," came from both in great surprise, "papa, are you well?"

He held out his arms and they ran to him with shouts of joy.

"God answered one of our prayers," cried Grace. "We prayed that you might get well last night, papa."

"I wonder if He answered the other," said Harold, glancing wistfully towards the kitchen door. "I wonder if He did."

The smile died out of the mother's face and she arose wearily, the tired, despairing look creeping back to her face. They followed her out. Two small faces fell when they saw that little stocking still empty. Harold's brown eyes filled with tears and he sat down in his little chair and sobbed bitterly. Grace saw the keen distress this caused her parents, and she resolved to be brave for their sake.

"Merry Christmas, papa and mamma," she said with a smile as bright and joyous as though it were the happiest day in the year. "I am so glad that our papa is well again."

A repressed sob choked her utterance which only made them feel sadder than ever; yet they all did their best to appear happy, a poor make-believe though it was. There was but one really bright thing in the room and that was the roaring fire which was burning merrily.

"Merry Tismas!" lisped a little voice, and Baby Nell came patterning into the room. "Oh! is baby's papa well? We p'ayed last night 'ou would det well. What did Santa Taus bing baby?" She ran to the fire-place and climbed up for her stocking.

"Santa Claus could not come to little Nell's last night; it was too cold and stormy."

"Oh, I fink he tould," nodded baby sagely, "tause I payed Dod to send him. See here den," gleefully holding up a small glittering coin, "dess see what old Santa Taus binged Nell?"

"Bless me!" ejaculated papa in amazement. "See what the little tot has found

in her stocking—a five dollar piece!"

Mrs. Clark turned quite pale.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed excitedly, "what does it mean? How could it have come there?"

"Why, mamma, Santa Claus sent it, don't you understand?" said Harold eagerly.

Mamma looked searchingly at the mysterious fire-place. Then her eyes caught sight of something down by the hearth—"Look, Arthur, I see two—three more golden coins!" she exclaimed.

"Is it real money, papa?" asked Harold as he ran and picked it up and laid it in his papa's hand—"true gold?"

"It's genuine gold, my little son. It begins to look as if we were living in an enchanted place. This ramshackle old house may turn out to be a palace of gold. Now if grandpa was still living the mystery could soon be solved, but—"

All eyes turned instinctively to the quaint old picture hanging above the mantel. Suddenly Mrs. Clark gave a great start.

"I have it," she cried excitedly. "See, the frame of the picture is broken. It must have occurred during that terrible wind-storm in the night. I have an idea--Arthur, can you get the picture down?"

Like a flash he divined what she surmised. Without a word he stepped upon a chair and reached for the picture.

"Be careful, papa," warned Harold, "your hands just tremble, and I am so 'fraid you will let my picture fall. Grandpa gave it to me, you 'member."

The picture was placed upon the table, and with one slight pull the frame fell apart. Down rolled the golden eagles upon the floor, together with rolls of bank-notes. The frame was literally lined with them. A scrap of white paper

caught papa's eye. On unfolding it, he found it to be a few lines in grandpa's well known handwriting.

"Harold, my dear little grandson," ran the note, "grandpa promised to leave you his picture, but in addition to this I have concealed in the frame of the picture the sum of \$2,000 to be divided amongst you and your sisters as a parting gift from dear grandpa."

"Give it to me, papa," cried Harold, pressing the faded writing to his face. "This is grandpa's last letter to me, and I am going to keep it always."

"Hurrah for grandpa!" said papa, rather huskily; "the dear old man did not forget us after all. You must never forget this day my precious ones."

"We will call it Grandpa's Day instead of Christmas Day, and then we wont forget," said Grace in her quaint way.

"Mamma, Santa Claus came after all," said Harold gleefully, "only I s'pose it was God who was our Santa Claus this time."

"Baby hanged up her 'tocking tause she knowed he would come," said little Nell, "for we told Dod to find Santa Taus the way."

"Christ hears the prayers of His little ones," responded mamma, kissing her baby's rosebud mouth. "Never forget to seek Him in the hour of trouble, my darlings; for remember He heard your little voices, and truly did send to us this day our daily bread."

Kate Grover.

MISSIONARY LIFE.

Divine Guidance and Protection.

THOSE who put their trust in the Lord for what they need while in His service are never neglected nor forsaken. Many

instances where missionaries have been guided and protected by Divine Providence might be narrated. A few of such I shall here relate.

Two missionaries laboring in Oregon, on entering a certain town in which they intended to labor, were about to go to a hotel to seek accommodations. They had not been there before and were unacquainted with the people. While on their way to the hotel they were impressed to call upon a merchant whose business place was in sight as they neared their first-chosen destination. They obeyed the inward prompting, and when they introduced themselves to the merchant he remarked that he had been led to make preparations for their reception. Earlier in the day he had been impelled to go home and tell his wife to prepare for company, and the coming of the Elders was a fulfillment of his expectation. Of course he entertained them kindly while they remained, although previous to their visit they were entire strangers to him.

Elder Joseph S. Broadbent, who recently filled a mission in Great Britain, relates an experience he had, on first going to his field of labor, which shows how he was directed by the Spirit to his missionary companion whose address was unknown to him. His narrative is as follows:

"On April 23 I received my appointment to labor in the Manchester Conference, and from there to labor in the Oldham district. Here I met Elder Joseph Nelson; but before finding him I had my first little experience of being out in the world. Our president gave me Elder Nelson's address, so I started for that place as soon as I arrived in Oldham. It was one mile from the station, and to my surprise, I found that Elder Nelson and the family he was staying with had

moved the day before to another part of the town. I could not find out where, so there I was in a town of 200,000 people and knew not where to go, being an entire stranger. I asked the next-door neighbor if I might leave my satchel in her house, and I would try to find Elder Nelson. The good lady consented, so I started off I knew not where.

"I walked for about thirty minutes and it began to grow dark. At this point I stood still for a few moments offering up a silent prayer, asking the Lord to direct me where to go. All at once a name and number of a house came to me as if some one spoke to me—'Go to number 7 Radcliffe Street, and there you will find the one you are seeking.' At this I turned right about, went back to get my satchel, got in a cab and told the driver to take me to the above address. I told him I did not know where the place was but that there was such a place. He said he thought not. I told him there must be. At this he drove off in search of the place. After about forty minutes driving about town, he found the exact address I gave him. I got out and knocked at the door. The lady came and asked me what I wanted. I told her I was looking for a Mormon Elder or a Latter-day Saint. 'Who are you?' she asked. I told her, and she said, 'Come in, you have come just to the right place; I expect Elder Nelson here in a few moments.' He soon came. This taught me that if we rely on the Lord He will never forsake us."

By listening to the promptings of the Spirit, missionaries are directed to those who are desirous of hearing their message. A notable instance of this kind is related by the late President Woodruff, and is no doubt familiar to many readers. In 1840 he was laboring as a missionary

in England. While holding a meeting one evening he was prompted by the Spirit to announce to his audience that that would be the last meeting he would hold in that neighborhood for some time, although he had appointments made for several more meetings. Making further inquiry of the Lord, he was told to go south, he knew not where. By obeying the whisperings of the Spirit he was led to a community of some six hundred souls who were praying for Gospel light; and when he presented his message to them they received it gladly. During the eight months he remained in that neighborhood he baptized about eighteen hundred persons.

Apostle John W. Taylor recently related a circumstance which occurred in his missionary career which illustrates how, by simple means, the Lord leads His servants to those who will receive their testimony. Upon one occasion, while addressing a public assembly, he was impressed that a certain lady who was present would accept the Gospel. After the meeting he asked her what she thought about the doctrine she had heard. She expressed herself as being pleased with them; and an appointment was therewith made for Elder Taylor to visit her and her husband at their home. The result was the lady shortly afterwards embraced the Gospel.

Similar cases to this are frequent in the mission field. During the past summer two missionaries were laboring in Ayr, Scotland. At first they had considerable difficulty in getting people to listen to them even at their out-door meetings. At the first well-attended open-air meeting they had, some opposition was manifested, whereupon a lady present spoke up and told them not to mind the disturbers, but to proceed with their meeting, adding the remark that

the doctrines they taught were scriptural. The lady was a stranger to the Elders, but they recognized her at subsequent meetings, and were led to speak to her personally. They did so and she invited them to her home. While visiting her and her family the Elders exhibited some pictures they had with them. When she saw the picture of Joseph Smith receiving his first vision she recognized the prophet's features, and in tears of joy she exclaimed: "I saw that man in a dream, praying in the woods, a long time ago." She further admitted that she also saw in a dream the two missionaries who were then at her house coming from America to preach the Gospel. She was prepared to receive their message, and, with her two daughters, was soon baptized.

A missionary after commencing his labors, soon realizes the necessity of relying upon the Lord for guidance. Frequently occasions arise where he is forced to depend upon the directing of the Holy Spirit, as he has no one else to give him counsel. Sometimes an Elder is led by the Spirit to take a course entirely novel to him—one that he would not have thought of unless inspired.

Some time ago several Elders were holding an out-door meeting in an English town, when there appeared a man whom they learned intended to denounce them and their teachings immediately after they closed their meeting. They had an attentive audience, and the Elder presiding did not like the idea of having the apparent good effect of the meeting destroyed by their opponent. But how to avoid it was a difficult question. If they warned their hearers of the intention of the individual who was there to oppose, the crowd would only be the more curious to stay and hear what he had to say. Before the meeting closed

the Elder in charge was prompted to request one of the brethren present to speak. Upon this occasion the brother called upon lacked fluency in speaking, and his remarks did not interest the people sufficiently to retain them, and by the time he ended nearly all those present had left, so the opponent had no one to speak to, and he gave up the idea of exposing the Elders upon that occasion.

Instances where missionaries have been provided for and protected in a remarkable manner are numerous. A few years ago an Elder laboring in the British mission happened, upon one occasion, to be much in need of a pair of shoes, but had no money with which to purchase them. One day a man whose acquaintance he had made, and who knew nothing of his circumstances, gave him the amount sufficient to buy a pair of shoes such as he desired. The gentleman remarked as he gave the money to the missionary that some voice had told him to present him with the amount, for what purpose he knew not.

A missionary in the Southern States recently had a similar experience. A man approached him and handed over five dollars, with the remark that he dreamed the Elder was in need of it. The Elder was greatly in need of it, and was thankful to have his wants supplied in such a providential manner.

Another like case was that of a missionary who some years ago was in the field. He was in need of clothing, but said nothing about the matter. Once while speaking in public he chanced to make the remark that the Latter-day Saint missionaries preached without money, but made no appeal for assistance. After the meeting closed a gentleman handed the Elder just enough money to purchase the clothing he needed.

Several years ago a young man, who was then a missionary in the Southern States, found himself in need of foot-wear. He had heard of many instances of people having their wants supplied through prayer, especially among those who were directly laboring in the Lord's service, where they had not the opportunity to earn means to provide for their temporal wants. He knew not where else to apply for aid, so he prayed for a pair of shoes. He believed he had exercised faith in praying for what he desired, and he thought his request was reasonable, but his prayer was not answered as readily as he expected. Why this was this the case he did not know for a time; but before long he discovered an explanation of the delay. One day he was riding on horseback. By accident he was thrown off the animal. His foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged a short distance after falling. But soon the sole of his old, worn-out shoe parted from the upper and he was released from his dangerous position without much injury. Had his petition for a new pair of shoes been granted immediately after it was made, and had he been wearing new shoes at the time the accident occurred, his foot would no doubt have been held firmly in the stirrup, and he would have been either seriously injured or killed. Shortly after the accident occurred the Elder received new shoes and he felt that the delay in getting them was the means of saving his life.

Edwin F. Parry.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

WHILE it is not true that Sabbath School work throughout the Church, considered as a whole, has been retrograding, it is true that the leading of-

ficers and spirits in it have felt that it was not making the progress it should make, and that it was not covering its field as thoroughly as is desirable, as there are many children within the pale of the Church who are not sufficiently reached by it. Many Sunday Schools, too, are defective in organization and methods; discipline is lax, punctuality is not observed, and a lack of zeal and interest on the part of officers and teachers is sometimes only too apparent.

Among the officers charged with the general direction of Sabbath School labor there has been a growing belief that a higher degree of spirituality and an increase of spiritual power ought to be attained by the rank and file of the workers in it throughout all the Stakes of Zion. These officers have conceived a more lofty standard of excellence for the Sunday Schools to reach, and have desired to see inaugurated a resolute movement having for its objects a more perfect organization and discipline in the schools than have in the past prevailed, and the placing of Sunday School work on a higher plane than it has heretofore occupied.

For the purpose of introducing the desired reforms and improvements, and of giving a fresh impetus to the Sunday School work generally, it was decided to call together, in the capacity of a convention, prominent and active laborers in it from all the Stakes; to have various features of it thoroughly treated by competent and experienced persons, in addresses or papers; to have questions pertaining to it asked and answered; and to kindle an increased zeal for the welfare of the children in the breasts of those specially charged therewith, as officers and teachers of Sunday Schools.

At the general semi-annual conference of Sunday Schools held in the Tabernacle

in this city, October 9th, 1898, General Superintendent George Q. Cannon submitted a plan for a convention of Sunday School workers.

The conference voted unanimously to adopt his suggestions, and appointed Elders George Reynolds, Joseph W. Summerhays and George D. Pyper a committee to arrange the details. Under date of October 20th a circular letter was sent by the General Superintendency to Sunday School officers and workers throughout the Church, inviting them to attend. Each school was desired to send as many delegates as possible. The announcement was made that the convention would meet in the Assembly Hall in this city November 28th and 29th and hold three sessions each day.

On Monday morning, Nov. 28, the convention met. It was a unique and notable gathering. Every one of the forty Stakes of Zion was represented. Most of them had delegations headed by the Stake superintendent of Sunday Schools. There were present 2,095 delegates, including three from Canada, two from Tennessee and one from the republic of Mexico. The large attendance proved that the purpose of the convention had the cordial sympathy and endorsement of Sabbath School workers throughout the Church, and that the hour had come for the making of a great step in advance on their part.

A printed program gave the order of exercises for each of the six sittings of the convention. The first half hour of each was devoted to singing—that important feature of Sunday School work and worship—the object being to secure uniformity in the singing of Sunday School hymns and songs by drilling the delegates present.

On Monday morning after the address

of welcome by President George Q. Cannon, Elder George Reynolds read a paper defining the objects of the convention, in which were ably set forth the purposes had in view in calling together this assemblage of Sunday School officers and teachers.

Elder Karl G. Maeser spoke on "The Sunday School Treatise and its Effects." The general board, feeling the need of a publication in book form which should serve as a guide in the organization and management of schools, classes, departments and Sunday School work in general and in detail, had decided upon the issue of the Treatise. Its introduction among the schools had been attended with highly beneficial results, especially where its advice had been observed.

At this session was read a paper written by Elder Seymour B. Young, the subject being "How best to maintain order in the Sunday School." He held that the superintendent of the Sunday School should himself be a model of good order, setting the example in punctuality, familiarity with the studies and members of all the classes, neatness in dress and propriety in personal habits. He should be a man known for his purity of life and a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom.

When the service begins he should join in the singing, or, if unable to sing, he should hold the book and read the words in connection with those who do sing. When prayer is being offered, he should devoutly close his eyes, and fold his hands and bow his head; as also when the blessings are being asked upon the sacrament. And while the sacrament is being administered he should observe perfect silence, unless it should be necessary to give some instructions or ask some other person to do so, pertaining to this holy ordinance. The teacher,

too, ought to be able to interest the class by the interest shown on his own part; he must bristle with knowledge of the subject in hand, and then enthuse his class by his enthusiasm. A careless teacher begets careless thoughts, and thought is the mother of action. The school-room should be neat and clean, and comfortably warmed in cold weather; there should be the utmost punctuality in opening and closing of the school on time; the pupils should be plentifully supplied with books, including song books; the children should march from one room to another, and be trained to note the signals of the bell; when school is dismissed they should march out in perfect order to the music of the organ.

Elder James W. Ure spoke briefly on "how to secure the attendance of delinquent pupils." He advised that a committee of the class be appointed to wait upon the delinquent to ascertain the cause of absence and try to secure regular attendance in future. To reach young people who seldom attend Sunday School he advised the appointment of persons having wisdom and tact to approach the derelict ones and persuade them to come regularly.

On Monday afternoon Elder Hugh J. Cannon addressed the convention on the "Nickel Fund," explaining the reasons for its establishment. One was to teach the children that they will receive a blessing by donating to the work of the Lord, and another was to provide the general board with funds for the carrying on of its work, such as publishing literature for the Sunday Schools, etc.

President Cannon made some remarks upon the same subject, and specially deprecated the taking up of collections in the Sunday Schools for local purposes. He held that this annual donation to the

general expenses of Sunday School work should be the only one asked of the schools.

Elder J. E. Talmage addressed the convention upon the use of the leaflets. He showed that the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants were never intended to be used as school text books, and the consequent necessity of a publication which would collect and arrange in a methodical manner the passages in those books which related to a given subject, in order that that subject might be studied intelligently and with the best results. This was the purpose of the leaflets. The speaker thought they were best adapted for the intermediate grades, but they could also be used in the lower ones, though here more preparation would be required on the part of the teacher.

Elder Karl G. Maeser followed with a brief address on "Sunday School teachers' meetings and their objects," at the close answering a number of questions that his remarks had suggested.

Elder J. M. Tanner had for his subject, "Home reading in connection with the Sunday School." He characterized the habit of home reading as an exceedingly valuable one, worthy of careful cultivation. He referred to the vast quantities of objectionable reading matter which were being distributed among our young people, and urged the necessity of replacing this with better, and of the exercise of care and judgment on the part of parents in the selection of reading matter for their children. The latter, he said, like to read of heroes and heroic deeds, and hence were generally fond of biographies, which, if wisely selected, might be read by young persons with great profit. This, he said, is particularly true of the biographies of men of God of different dispensations

as given in sacred history; and he made special reference to the story of Joseph as contained in the Bible, and some of the great and good men of the Book of Mormon; also to the leaders of the Saints in this dispensation. In reply to questions, Elder Tanner said he could not see how our Sunday Schools could consistently favor the reading of fairy stories; especially those of an extravagant sort which excite the imagination of the child. Such stories are harmful to the child's mind because, among other reasons, they lead to a belief in the unreal. Sunday School circulating libraries should be encouraged, but books for them should be selected with the utmost care. Even standard fiction portrays the evil and morbid in human nature, while the mission of the Sunday School is to hold up the true, the grand, and the beautiful, not the debased and deformed. A knowledge of evil tempts to its commission, and the reading of fiction tends to develop in man his lower passions and attributes.

President Cannon made a few remarks on the subject of reading fiction. He looked upon the habit with disfavor, saying that it weakened the memory and the intellectual powers generally. He had noticed that confirmed readers of fiction rarely distinguish themselves in scientific or other pursuits requiring well developed mental powers. He condemned the reading of secular newspapers in Sunday Schools, or other sacred places.

At the evening session Elder George H. Brimhall delivered an address on "How to Grade the Sunday School." A leading idea should be to classify the pupils by what they love and desire in respect to the Gospel rather than their scholastic advancement, though age, size and intelligence should also be considered. A Sunday School is graded on an

entirely different principle from that which determines the grading of a day school.

Elder Heber J. Grant spoke to the subject: "The Relation of the Church to the Sunday School." He regarded the Sunday School as the child of the Church, perhaps its most beloved child; the nursery in which were being trained the future workers of every department of the Church; and he expressed the view that, were the Church to neglect the Sunday School to the point of extinction, it would find itself in the situation of an aged man and wife with no children to support or comfort them in their declining years.

Elder Nathan T. Porter spoke upon the theme, "The Sunday School as an Auxiliary of the Home." He showed that the Sunday School was an all-important aid to parents in the proper training of the youth, and in the making of home that abode of love, peace and virtue which every Latter-day Saint home should be.

Elder Joseph W. Summerhays followed in an address on "The Home as an Auxiliary of the Sunday School." He showed the necessity of parents co-operating with the Sunday School, and said that the home which was filled with the fumes of tobacco, in which the Lord was not appealed to in family prayer, where love and harmony were not found, and in which the principles of morality were not taught, was not an auxiliary of the Sunday School; but the opposite was the case in the home where the Word of Wisdom was observed, where the family knelt regularly in prayer, where love abounded and the principles of the Gospel were taught and practiced.

On Tuesday morning, the second day of the convention, Miss Donetta Smith read a well and carefully written paper

on "Kindergarten and Infant Classes in the Sunday School." The paper treated on the general care and training of the younger children, and the manner of conducting exercises adapted to them in the Sunday School.

Elder Lars E. Eggertson followed on "Punctuality; How Best Secured." He dwelt upon the evil and waste of time resulting from a lack of punctuality, especially on the part of the superintendent, officers and teachers. As a means of securing their prompt attendance he advised that those who would not be converted to punctuality be replaced. No man should be looked upon as indispensable to the Sunday School, if he will not attend on time. At teachers' meetings the superintendent should urge punctuality; he should even make a hobby of it. On Sunday morning he may make a casual call upon a delinquent teacher and invite him to come to Sunday School, or by the use of a little tact, secure his presence there on time. Officers and teachers must practice punctuality or the pupils will not. The superintendent should, at proper times, express his appreciation of the services of those teachers who are prompt and faithful. He should invite them, occasionally to assemble at his home, cultivate sociability with them, and discuss with them their work. To secure punctuality upon the part of the children, the teacher should call upon the parents, show them that he is interested in their children, and ask and urge their co-operation in the effort to secure the prompt attendance of pupils. The teacher should give a class social at his own home occasionally, inviting all the members of his class, especially the careless or indifferent ones; he should notice and speak to them when he meets them on the street or elsewhere, and by

these and similar methods should seek to win their love and confidence. When he has done this their punctual attendance at Sunday School will be a natural consequence. The speaker exhibited a four page folder designed for a pupil's Sunday School record for a year, to be filled out by the teacher and preserved as a souvenir by the pupil, and recommended its use as a device to further punctuality.

Elder George A. Smith spoke upon "The Sunday School Superintendent," describing the sort of man he should be, and the qualities he should possess. He should be humble, prayerful and God-fearing; exemplary in all his habits, possessing the genuine missionary spirit. He should keep the Word of Wisdom as well as teach it; should be deliberate in acting upon questions that come before him in connection with his school; should show due regard for the views and opinions of his associates, and should be thoroughly familiar with the work being done by all the classes.

Elder L. F. Moench spoke upon "The Sunday School Teacher," and said that moral qualifications were the most important ones the teacher could have. He should be meek, humble and prayerful, and realize that all true wisdom comes from God. How can a man who is not prayerful, teach prayer? Men and women who keep the Word of Wisdom and pay tithing should be selected as teachers in the Sunday School. Engaged in actual work before his class, the teacher should avoid spending time over trivial matters or questions, and devote his attention to important ones. In reply to questions, the speaker said that a teacher who did not do his duty should be labored with, and if he persisted in neglecting it he should be replaced. He recom-

mended the sending of young men and young women to take the Sunday School course at the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, if it was desired to provide competent and well-qualified teachers; and he advised that teachers be promoted from grade to grade when they were entitled to and qualified for promotion.

In the afternoon Elder T. C. Griggs addressed the convention on "Sunday School Choirs and their Relation to Congregational Singing." He said that a choir should be formed in each Sunday School of the best material embraced in the school, and it should be frequently and intelligently drilled that it may be qualified to lead in the singing. The piece to be sung should be announced, and the congregation should join in the singing. The choir leader should endeavor to enlist the aid and interest of the congregation as well as of the choir in the singing. The Sunday Schools are the nurseries of our musical progress. They should be taught the old, familiar hymns of the Church that have reached the hearts of so many thousands; and while pieces having vim and sprightliness are well enough, others expressive of devotional emotions should also be sung.

Elder F. M. Lyman addressed the convention on the "Administration of the Sacrament in the Sunday School." The revelation requires the members of the Church to meet together often and partake of the sacrament; but children who comprise a large portion of the membership of the Church do not usually attend the regular sacrament meetings; consequently, in former years, before the custom of administering this ordinance in the Sunday Schools was inaugurated, a large number of persons belonging to the Church were deprived of it. This

is one reason for its introduction into the Sunday Schools. The Bishop properly has charge of the administration of the sacrament on all occasions in his ward, but he may designate some Elder to direct therein as circumstances may require. In the absence of the Bishop, or any Elder appointed by him to act, the Superintendent of the Sunday School may cause the sacrament to be administered. There may or may not be music or remarks during the passing of the sacrament, as the Spirit may indicate to the presiding officer. It is proper for the Deacons to pass the sacrament, but they have not the right to consecrate it. The Priests have this right, however, and it is well to give them experience by calling upon them from time to time to officiate. There is nothing unlawful in the passing of the sacrament by persons who hold no priesthood, but it is unnecessary to call upon such, as there are plenty of men holding some office in the priesthood who may act. The administration of the sacrament does not consist in passing it around, but in consecrating it.

Elder John W. Tate, superintendent of the Sunday School of Tooele City, then presented a class of pupils from his school, and gave an exercise in drilling on the names and positions of the general authorities of the Church and the Deseret Sunday School Union. The lesson was from the supplement to the Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets of November 28, 1898.

Elder Karl G. Maeser spoke on "How to Conduct Sunday School Conferences." The speaker referred to the frequent failures of these gatherings to accomplish their purpose, which, he said, was three-fold: to present a model showing how a school class or exercise should be conducted; to afford members of the

general board an opportunity to learn the conditions of the schools of the stake; and to enable them to impart necessary instruction to Sunday School workers.

Elder George Reynolds submitted a suggestive program for Sunday School stake conferences to be held in 1899, which was adopted by the convention.

Elder Joseph W. Summerhays announced that fifty years will have elapsed in December, 1899, since the first Latter-day Saint Sunday School was opened in the Rocky Mountains. A committee had been appointed to consider the advisability of celebrating the anniversary of that occasion. But in order to have the support of all the schools represented in this convention, he moved that the celebration be recommended by the convention and each delegate present help to make it a grand success. [The motion was put and carried unanimously.] He asked stake and ward superintendents to send in to the secretary a history of their organizations from the beginning, as it was designed to compile a history of each school and stake.

President George Q. Cannon addressed the convention on the impropriety of asking or discussing questions in relation to mysteries that were not answered in the revelations God has given, and of indulging in vague speculations concerning doctrine. He showed the harm that is liable to result from doing these things.

At the session of Tuesday evening Elder Newton E. Noyes spoke on "How to Prepare a Sunday School Lesson." The teacher should pray that he may himself have a proper understanding of the lesson, and he should so present it to the class as to inspire in the pupils a religious feeling and a desire to obtain a testimony of the truth. The material

for the lesson should be collected, then arranged and then studied by the teacher until he is familiar with it.

Elder George Teasdale spoke on "The Bible in the Sunday School," showing how useful that book was in all the grades of the school, in conveying precious lessons.

He was followed by Elder John M. Mills who spoke on "The Book of Mormon in the Sunday School," outlining the course he would pursue in making the student familiar with that book.

President Cannon then addressed the convention at some length and with much plainness and power on the Word of Wisdom, incidentally replying to some questions that had been asked upon the subject. He felt discouraged at the comparatively slight results that had been achieved by preaching the Word of Wisdom to the adult members of the Church for more than sixty years, and strenuously urged the necessity of training the children of the Saints to obey it.

The space that can be given to this article is wholly inadequate to a proper presentation of the great amount of valuable instruction and the many good suggestions that were presented to the convention. One feature was made prominent in the counsel offered by nearly every speaker: the necessity for Sunday School workers making their labors the subject of constant and earnest prayer. Many questions were asked and answered in a manner to throw much light upon the subjects to which they related, and the proceedings throughout were characterized by a pure intelligence, a loving and practical philanthropy, and a lofty spirituality that were cheering and soul-elevating. By no means the least interesting feature

was the musical one. Not only in the general singing exercises with which each session was opened, but also in the solos and the choice instrumental assistance, the proceedings were enlivened and elevated most delightfully. Every performer and every participant is entitled to great credit for valued assistance rendered, and the committee having the whole matter in charge acquitted themselves of a great amount of work in the most successful and praiseworthy manner.

MY FIRST SACRIFICE.

WHEN I was a little girl, not quite four years old, we moved to Kirtland and boarded in the family of Brother Hyrum Smith. He was very kind in his family, but very firm in the principles of his belief.

One day he came across my dollie lying on the stairs, where I had left her to go and play with some little girls. As I remember it, Brother Smith was quite annoyed at the sight. But, as I was so very young, there might have been other things, of which I knew nothing, which had vexed him, and caused him, just as I came along to claim my treasure, to say some strong words, which I took wholly to heart as a rebuke to myself for playing with dolls. My mother, too, being an exceedingly sensitive woman, must have felt the force of Brother Smith's remarks very much as I did; for she wanted me to give up my precious dollie. Sister Smith also chimed in with my mother, and offered me a new dress if I would give up playing with dolls.

But that was no temptation to me. I was the only child. My father had died

before I could remember. We had left all our relatives and friends in our native state. My mother and my doll were all I had to love; and to think of parting with my doll seemed too bad for anything.

My mother had occupied much time in reading to me and in telling me those interesting Bible stories so pleasing to children. I was familiar with the faithfulness of Daniel, the patience of Job, Joseph in Egypt and Eli's wicked children. So, in this trial, mother referred me to the Bible, as was usual on such occasions, and told me how displeased the Lord was with those who disobeyed His commandments. She read to me, "Thou shalt not make any graven image," etc.

This was surely a commandment. May be, (I thought), my dollie was too much like a graven image; and maybe I did come too near worshiping her.

My first sacrifice was made. My dollie was put away, and I never saw her any more.

The spirit of the occasion always stayed with me; and I have felt troubled many times when I have considered how much means is expended for dolls by the Latter-Day Saints; and have wondered if there were not other pure spirits besides Brother Smith's who were grieved at the extravagance. I have raised four little girls to be mammas, and they only had two tiny dolls for all of them.

And now I am wondering how many mothers will counsel with their children about it; and how many little girls of Israel will say, "Please Santa Claus, you need not bring me another doll," and will do it because Brother Hyrum Smith (as a little girl understood him) thought it was wrong to have dolls to play with.

M. A. IV.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 15, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A LEADING FEATURE OF THE RECENT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

PRESIDENT YOUNG is quoted as having said on one occasion that the younger generation would progress so fast in matters pertaining to the Gospel that if the older folks did not bestir themselves in a very lively fashion they were likely either to be run over or left behind. His idea was not that there would be any lack of respect and veneration for age or that the youthful element would become headstrong and ungovernable; but that, their opportunities being much better, they would profit by the experience of their parents and would have acquired, while still in childhood, much that the older ones had learned only at middle age or later in life, and would therefore have that much of a start along the path of intelligence in righteousness.

A notable proof that he spoke truly was given at the recent Sunday School convention held in this city. The young folks were very much in evidence. The great majority of the addresses delivered, and certainly among the most enjoyable, were by speakers and Sunday School workers who would be classed as belonging to the younger element in the community. Indeed, it almost seemed that the younger they were, the better they acquitted themselves. There was an earnestness and a spirit in every one which were altogether admirable. There

was a familiarity with the subject discussed that denoted thought and study of the most thorough character. There was a readiness in delivery and a grasp of all the features of the topic treated which showed to every listener that here were skilled leaders in Sunday School energy, and that in such hands the advancement of the children could not but be swift and certain.

Rarely, if ever, has a more interesting series of meetings been held in the Church than the one to which we allude. The veterans in Sunday School work were there, full of encouragement and counsel and blessing; and it must have warmed their hearts, and did so, to see how capable their followers in the good cause have become. The great movement having for its purpose the education and training of the youth of Israel in the plan of salvation through the medium of the Sabbath School has ceased to be, if indeed it ever was, an unappreciated and uncertain factor. It has grown into a vast system, with all the aids and methods and appliances needed to insure its success. Its most effective and enthusiastic workers are those who have themselves come up through the classes of the Sunday School to the position of teachers and superintendents. They are fresh from the ranks, so to speak, and are in the best possible position to know the needs and to supply the wants of those who are still younger. That they are equal to the important task was shown beyond question at this late convention; and from the meetings as a whole there cannot be other than most excellent results to all who attended and to the cause in general.

GREETINGS.

With profound thanks to the Giver of all good for His mercies seen and unseen,

and with the season's compliments to every reader old and young, we announce herewith the close of Volume Thirty-Three of this magazine. Wishing each and all a Merry Christmas, we greet them also with hopes for a Happy New Year, and as many of them as their hearts can desire. In Volume Thirty-Four, which begins January 1, 1899, the editor hopes to continue and make more binding his friendly intercourse with every present reader, to renew the acquaintance of all the old ones, and to have the pleasure of an association with many new ones.

THE CHRISTMAS BUNDLE.

"OH, MAMMA, what can I do? I don't want to play," said little Mignon to her mother one afternoon.

"What would my little girl like to do?" asked the kind parent.

"Well—I wish you would tell me a story. Do you know something about Christmas or Santa Claus?" asked the little one.

"Shall I tell you of an old couple to whom my papa played Santa Claus one Christmas eve when I was a little girl?"

"Oh yes, do!" cried Mignon eagerly, as she quickly drew a chair up close beside her mother, and settled herself for a treat.

"When I was a very little girl," began the mother, "there lived in our town an old couple by the name of Brown. The old gentleman wore a long white beard and hair, and there was always a merry twinkle in his eye and a pleasant smile upon his face. He was educated and intelligent, and displayed refinement, that told he had been used to higher modes of living than conditions then afforded him. His wife,

though uneducated, was full of gratitude for any favor bestowed, and was so innocent and kind that every one loved her. They were always called 'Daddy Brown and Aunt Jane,' though without the slightest disrespect, for they always used these titles when speaking of themselves.

"Daddy Brown had come from England years before, where he had been a wine merchant, and had owned a beautiful home, with parks and land. He had a wife and several grown up sons and daughters, and was well respected and happy. But there came a change which meant great sacrifice and hardship to him, but which proved his courage and his faith in the Being whom he had sworn to serve. He had heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached by some missionaries, and being convinced of its truth, had taken upon himself its obligations, for the sake of the blessings he believed it would eventually bring.

"Think what a trial it must have been when all his loved ones, wife, sons, daughters, friends, turned the shoulder of scorn toward him, treating him with hatred and contempt; and refused even to acknowledge him as husband, parent or acquaintance, because he had joined the then much hated Mormons. He bore all meekly, though it cut his tender heart to the core; and after vain efforts to induce them to relent and look more kindly upon the religion he had espoused, he relinquished all his possessions, family, home, wealth, and sailed for the land of Zion, where he afterward won Aunt Jane, and with her spent the remainder of his days in the town which witnessed the story I am about to relate.

"Their little three-roomed adobe house must have seemed humble indeed, compared to the mansion he had left in his native land, but he uttered no complaint,

and I think took great comfort within those walls, decorated only with paintings of his own hand: for he knew that he had followed the promptings of the Divine Spirit in coming to the 'chosen land,' and he accepted his trials as a test of his faithfulness and courage.

"When new burdens came upon him, and through the dishonesty of some professed friend whom he had trusted he lost the humble little home he had struggled hard to procure, he did not waver in his trust in God, and as the Father never forgets those who place confidence in Him, He remembered these His stricken children, and made their trouble more easy to bear. Their home fell into the hands of a Mr. Franssen, but he, always kind and charitable, assured the poor old couple that they need never leave their home until death called them to a better one, for which blessing they were ever grateful, and acknowledged God's reward for the sacrifice made for His sake."

"But mamma, how did grandpapa play Santa Claus," queried Mignon, as her mother hesitated a moment.

"I am coming to that now, my dear," answered the mother.

"Christmas was near at hand, and my father and mother sat reading after we children had all retired, when father suddenly dropped his paper, and drawing his chair up more closely, said, 'Mother, can't we fix up a bundle of something useful, and send to Daddy and Aunt Jane Brown for Christmas? They are getting pretty old now, and I believe a little help would be appreciated.'

"I have been thinking of the very same thing myself," said my good mother; and they set about preparing for the Christmas bundle at once. A new seamless sack was procured for

the receptacle, and into it went a good, warm flannel dress pattern, cloth for a suit of clothes, which, though home-made, was warm and serviceable, two pairs of shoes, and several skeins of yarn—for Aunt Jane spent most of her leisure moments knitting, while Daddy read aloud. Nor did my good parents forget the inner man in providing for the outer, for the bag also contained packages of tea, sugar, beans, etc., and last of all were pies and cakes put in, already prepared for the Christmas dinner.

"As soon as it was dark on the eve before Christmas, my father shouldered his two bushel burden, and with my sister Emma and I lugging a leg of mutton—Daddy and Aunt Jane were especially fond of mutton—set out for the home of the aged pair. Father waited outside the fence while Emma and I went in with our part of the gift. Aunt Jane answered our knock, and Daddy Brown sat in his great armchair, where he had been dozing. When we presented the leg of mutton, it made our young hearts bound with joy to see the gratitude that beamed from the dear, wrinkled faces. A moment passed before either spoke, when Daddy, with a tear in his eye and a slight tremor in his voice, said to his wife: 'Haven't you a penny to give the dear children?' And Aunt Jane went to a drawer and returned with two dimes, which she offered to us, and when we protested, saying we didn't want the money, the dear soul said: 'I'll feel bad if you don't take it.' And then we noticed tears rolling down both their cheeks. So we accepted the dimes, and bade them good night and Merry Christmas, and departed, feeling that 'it is better to give than to receive.'

"While we were in the house, father had slipped cautiously up to the front

porch and hung the bag of sundries to a rafter overhead, and had retreated as cautiously as he had entered, and awaited us outside.

Christmas dawned bright and clear, but the heavy snow that had fallen during the night, and the keen frosty air, made the fireside a welcome place, even for the most sturdy boys, and so, after breakfast, we were all gathered round the great fireplace, with its huge pine log all aglow, talking of our presents with which Santa Claus had filled our stockings, when in walked Daddy Brown, wrapped in cape and comforter, with the exclamation: 'You can't fool me about who is Santa Claus any longer.' And he grabbed father and mother by the hands and shook them, while the tears streamed down his wrinkled face, and dripped from the end of his long white beard.

"Well, that was a happy Christmas for us all, for we knew that at least two souls had been made glad, and that our loved parents would receive the blessings of those that 'lendeth to the Lord!'"

Julia E. S. Johnson.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

DEBT THAT WAS A BENEFIT—CHURCH BONDS.

NEARLY thirty years ago was fought one of the greatest wars of history—great in the cost, great in the number of men slain, and hardly less notable in the fact that from the very first clash of arms, victory rested upon the banners of the same host at the close of each battle with scarcely an exception. I allude to the conflict between Germany and France in 1870 and 1871. The result of that war was that Germany dictated cruel terms to the defeated nation in the latter's capital city, taking two large provinces and exacting a payment

of war expenses amounting to many millions of dollars. Surprising as had been the swiftness and completeness with which Germany humbled the proud French empire, an event still more surprising came at the close of the struggle. This was the ease and promptness with which France paid the enormous debt which the conquerors demanded. The commercial world was astounded, and the victorious nation itself could scarcely believe its own senses, when within a very short term millions upon millions of dollars came pouring into the German treasury until almost before any one could realize it the whole vast amount had been paid.

How was it done?

France argued that with no one else ought French credit to be so good as with the French people themselves. One can always borrow easiest where one's credit is the best. Those who have the most faith in the intention and the ability of the borrower to pay back the loan, are the most ready to grant it. Therefore, said the French leaders, if our own people have confidence in their nation, they ought to be willing to lend it money; we would rather pay interest to them than to any outsider, for in that way will the money be kept in use at home and all will be benefited by it; furthermore, they will thus acquire a direct personal interest in the national welfare, and ought thereby to be made better citizens; we will try to borrow from our own people. So they offered bonds of various amounts, some small, some large, pledging the national credit and honor that the interest would be paid at regular intervals, and the principal in a certain number of years.

The French people were thrifty then as now. The peasants had been able to save a little month by month, so had the

artisans, the tradesmen, the farmers, the manufacturers, and the merchants, and of course the wealthier classes had a little surplus which they could command. No sooner was the offer made than it found acceptance. Sums of money began to flow in from all directions in exchange for the government bonds. Soon the entire amount had been raised, and Germany's claim was paid. Thousands of poor families in France had converted their little savings into an interest-bearing bond, which the government stood good for, and they had become correspondingly enriched. The resources of a country were never more eloquently shown, and the condition of the French nation is actually declared to have been better after paying Germany's demands than before. It is even stated by good authority that the settlement of the mighty war debt was a greater benefit to France who paid it than to Germany who received it.

Owing to circumstances which will be understood by all except the most youthful readers, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been for a number of years past in the position of a borrower of money. These circumstances may be briefly alluded to as the period of bitter persecution which existed a few years ago; the confiscation of a large amount of Church property and the costly expenses connected therewith in law-suits, etc.; and the assistance rendered to deserving enterprises in which the Church was interested and which without further aid would have had to suspend. To this might be added a long list of expenses in supporting Church schools, assistance given towards the building of houses of worship in various stakes, etc., all of which has occurred during a time of widespread business depression and great scarcity

of money—a prolonged spell of what is usually called "hard times." Instead of continuing the policy of borrowing here and there, the minds of the leading brethren have lately been led to the idea of issuing Church bonds; and after a careful study of the whole subject, this has been decided upon.

The proposition is simple, and I would like all my readers to understand it. Half a million dollars' worth of bonds are offered by President Lorenzo Snow, Trustee-in-Trust for the Church, to whom all persons proposing to buy them should apply. Five hundred of these bonds are of the value of one hundred dollars each; two hundred are of the value of five hundred dollars each; and three hundred and fifty are of the value of one thousand dollars each. They bear interest at the rate of six per cent per year, and this is payable half-yearly. Fifty thousand dollars per year is to be set aside by the Trustee-in-Trust as a fund with which to redeem the bonds, which redemption is to occur in ten years, though he reserves the right to redeem in five years if he so desires. To the performance of all these conditions the credit and honor of the Church, by its Trustee-in-Trust, are pledged—which to the Latter-day Saints ought to mean, as it does mean to the outside business world, that the bonds are "as good as gold."

I have pointed out the great opportunity given the thrifty French people to loan safely and profitably to their own government, and how splendidly the opportunity was utilized. It ought not to be necessary to say much in advocacy of the fine opportunity now offered the Latter-day Saints to loan safely and profitably to the Church. Those whom I would particularly wish to see interested are not so much those who are in a posi-

tion to buy the one-thousand dollar bond, or perhaps even the bond of the value of five hundred dollars. But the five hundred bonds of the value of one hundred dollars each are within the reach, I am sure, of a sufficient number of those who may not be called rich, to make their disposal among this class an assured fact. The big bonds will take care of themselves, and if it had been desired to get rid of the whole issue in the quickest and least troublesome manner, all of them would have been of the larger denomination, because people of capital, bankers, etc., like to deal with large figures. But it was felt that a plan ought to be adopted which would allow people of less means to become personally interested in the financial welfare of the Church. It was desired that the humblest member of the Church might if possible be invited to acquire a direct interest in it. And it was furthermore and most earnestly desired to encourage the Saints to be saving--to stimulate them to put a little of their earnings by from time to time--a little fund for a "rainy day"--so that as opportunities of this kind present themselves, the Saints might be the ones who, like the middle classes in France nearly thirty years ago, were in a position to take quick advantage of them. The fact that these bonds are for the poor ought to bring from them a response that will show appreciation of the spirit and motive alluded to. And I shall be greatly disappointed if many and many a family which I know does not become the owner of one or more of these bonds. A little effort on the part of parents and children combined will in many instances result in the gathering together of money enough to buy at least one; and it is easy to see how much rather the Church authorities would see one bond in each of five hundred families than to see five

hundred bonds all in one family or in ten or even in fifty families. They want to see the benefits diffused as widely as possible; they want as many as possible to be sharers in the profits and partakers of the interest in Church business which ownership of this kind is sure to create.

The Lord has led His people to a land of plenty. He has prospered them exceedingly, and He will continue to do so where they love Him and do His will. In the old world there are thousands who pawn their Sunday clothes on Monday morning to raise money enough to live on during the week, and then, when Saturday night comes, take most of their wages for the week to get their clothes out of pawn again for the Sunday's use--and so on, week after week, never getting ahead, never saving, never able to see anything before them at last but the poor house. This is a dreadful condition to live in; and in many cases there is no need for it at all. Of course misfortune may have come to some, and other circumstances may have made this "hand-to-mouth" existence the only one possible for a time; but in very many cases it is due to a want of thrift and a neglect of that good and sometimes heroic rule, to spend always a little less than is earned. Certainly among us as a people in these mountains there can scarcely be found an instance where it is not possible to save something; and every encouragement ought to be given, both by precept and by example, to even little children in the line of economy--to the end that the Lord may speedily have--what He designs to have and will have--a people who are in a position to be lenders and not borrowers, and who will have the influence, independence and power that belong to wealth when properly used.

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The night before Christmas Mr. Jones was sitting in his parlor, in his easy chair, before a warm fire-place. While thus sitting he fell asleep, and dreamed that Mr. Gray, his old neighbor, who was dead, came to him and said:

"You are a rich man, neighbor Jones; be liberal to the poor and unfortunate, then you shall always have peace and joy."

Just then his wife came in and said: "Mr. Jones, it is bed-time; have you been asleep?"

"Yes," said he. "Tomorrow is Christmas and I mean to make at least one neighbor happy as well as myself."

They both then retired for the night. Mrs. Gray lived not far away. She was the wife of the man whom Mr. Jones had seen in his dream. She had four children—two girls and two boys—Louie, Maud, Harry and Willie. Willie was the baby, and was very sick. Their home was cold, and they had but very little food to eat. It was the day before Christmas, and the children were talking about their dead papa—how kind he had always been, and how happy Christmas was to them before he died and left them. When bedtime came, the little ones knelt down with their mother, as was their custom, and said their prayers. Little Louie led, and this was her prayer:

"Our Father in heaven we ask Thee to bless us this night; forgive us if we have done anything wrong; bless mamma and bless our dear little baby brother who is sick. Bless us that some one good will come tomorrow and bring some coal to keep us warm, and something good to eat, for we shall be both hungry and cold.

Remember us always, Heavenly Father, we pray, and this we ask in the name of Jesus. Amen."

When they arose from their little knees, their dear, kind mother tucked them in their little bed, and kissed them good night, with tears dripping from her weary eyes, for she knew her children were good, and they had prayed for the same things she felt to pray for. Then she waited on her little sick babe and at last went to bed.

When Christmas morning came the sun shone out so bright and warm and made all around seem so cheerful that the little Gray children went out to play. Soon they saw a wagon coming and they ran first to meet it, and then to the house shouting: "There is a wagon coming to our place, mamma."

The mother went to the door and sure enough she saw that it was her neighbor, Mr. Jones, who was a very rich man, and his hired man was with him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gray," said Mr. Jones. "I thought you might be needing some coal, so I've brought you a ton."

Then he told the hired man to unload the coal, while he went in and talked with Mrs. Gray. He looked around and saw the poor little baby sick in his cradle.

"Why, Mrs. Gray, your baby looks very ill."

"Yes, and I have done everything I know to do for him, but he doesn't seem to get any better."

"You must have a doctor and some medicines, or perhaps more nourishing food," said Mr. Jones.

The poor woman's eyes filled with tears.

"Never mind," went on Mr. Jones; "I will send the doctor around myself and whatever is wanted I will pay for."

He did as he agreed; and besides, he sent flour, potatoes, and many other

things. It was found that Willie did not need much medicine, only warmth and good food; and these were now to be had. He soon recovered and became strong and healthy.

The home of the Grays that Christmas day was turned from sorrow to happiness, for they had both fuel and food in plenty. The children clapped their hands and their mamma shed tears of joy and thankfulness.

Mr. Jones' heart was also filled with peace and joy, in feeling that he had made his dead friend's family happy; and with this he was so pleased that from that time on the poor never had a kinder or more liberal friend than he.

Rozilla Compton, Age 11.

Brigham City, Utah.

MY PETS.

Two years ago, mother let me go home with a young lady who had been visiting us. Just as I got on the train, my mother gave me a large assortment of candy, nuts, etc., to divide among the children where I was going. I thought it was grand to be met with a carriage. When we reached our destination, I first distributed my presents, in which there was a little doll which delighted the baby. I had a very good time, and went to parties and dances, and sleigh riding.

On New Year's morning a neighbor's boy came in, and thinking it was one of the girls, I shouted "New Year's Gift." The boy laughed and, said he would give me something that would please me when I was ready to go home. I felt ashamed, and hoped he would forget it. But true to his word, he brought me a pair of lovely pigeons. They grew well during the winter, and when spring came, they were so tame they would

light on my shoulder, and when I was picking strawberries, they would alight on my back. They raised a pair of young pigeons, and they were very tame too. One night a hard wind blew their house down, and since that, we have only seen them occasionally, when they have come to visit us and eat wheat with the chickens. *Gladys Jakeman.*

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I was ten years old the 8th of last January. I have one sister, her name is Hazel. I have a dog, his name is Fido; he is a great pet and we all think a great deal of him.

Charles William Noble.

LOGAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am seven years old. I want to tell you about my kitten and motherless chick. The chick will come into the house and nestle in the cat's paws, and they look so cunning. A merry Christmas to you all.

Your little friend

Olive Thompson.

MIDWAY, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I read the letters in the JUVENILE, and go to Sunday School, Primary and day school. Two of my brothers went on missions. One of them stayed two years and two months. But the other got lame and had to come home. I have seven brothers and one sister.

Flossie Wootton, age 10 years.

CENTRAL, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am thirteen years old. In our Sunday School class we study the Book of Mormon from the pictures. I have three

sisters and two brothers living, and I have a little brother and sister dead.

Rosy Cluff.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am little Frankie Smith. I was born in Boise City, Idaho. Tomorrow is my birthday, I am seven years old, and write my first little letter as mamma prompts me. I have not been to school much, but mamma teaches me at home. We have lived in Salt Lake City one year, and I have been going to the kindergarten. My teacher, Miss Wells, was very kind to me. I hope my letters will be more interesting as I grow older.

MILLWARD, UNTAH CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: In the year 1896 we moved from Midway to Millward. I like the people and country here very much. I belong to the Deacon's quorum and think it quite a pleasure to attend the duties of a Deacon. Some months ago our much beloved president was called to fill a foreign mission. The Deacons had a "surprise party" and presented him a nice valise. He was very much surprised, and shed tears of gratitude. His name is John E. McConkie. We all felt to say God bless our president.

William Watkins, age 11 years.

LOGAN, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER BOX: This is Thanksgiving day, and we thought it would be nice to spend a few moments in writing to the Letter-Box. What is Thanksgiving for? It is for us to offer thanks to God for what He has done for us; for the countless harvests which have been raised for our health and strength, our parents, 'the Gospel, and every good gift.

We will soon have Christmas here, when we will celebrate the birth of our

dear Savior. We hope all the little children will have a good time, and that Santa Claus will not forget any of them, and that they will not forget Him whose birth they are celebrating.

William Alvin Thompson.

Edith Alice Thompson.

DEAR EDITOR: I come to you for the first time to tell you about our Sunday School. I am very much interested in our lessons, and our teacher takes great pains to explain the principles of Mormonism to us. I am also much interested in our day school. Brother Mumford is my teacher, and I venture to say there is no better instructor than he. They call me black-eyed Chloe, and I am twelve years old. I am Joseph Young's grandchild.

Chloe Young.

HOLIDAY LETTER.

To all the Little Writers.

DEAR CHILDREN:—In the preparations for the new year, some new arrangements are taking place in the work that is done on the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. "Our Letter Box" is to occupy less space in order to give more room for some other matters. We shall still be allowed a place for a few little letters, perhaps not in each number of the INSTRUCTOR, but at least occasionally. And we are only to publish the best of the little letters that are sent in. So we must all take great pains to write very good and interesting letters; and, as I hinted in a former letter, we must not feel too bad if our letters do not appear in the "Letter-Box." For after all, the writing of a letter does any child good, because the thought that is given to it helps to strengthen the mind; and no child need

feel that the time spent in writing a pleasant little letter has been wasted. I am pleased with every effort that is made by the children in writing to me; and although, for the reasons I have given, we shall not be able to publish all the little letters, yet they will be appreciated, and where necessary, they will be answered privately, as some have already been.

Do not feel, little friends, that we are being slighted because of these changes; we shall see after awhile that it is better so.

Now I want to wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year's day, and ask God's special blessings upon you forever. With much love for all the little ones,

L. L. Greene Richards.

PRACTICAL.

THE late George W. Childs of Philadelphia was a frequent helper of the helpless, but he had a way of putting his beneficiaries on their feet, and showing them how to help themselves.

He was once visited by a widow whose husband had died leaving her and her three children no property and no life insurance. Mr. Childs knew that his reputation for benevolence had influenced her (as it did hundreds of others) to come to him—with some expectation, of course, of pecuniary assistance; but he saw that she was a lady, and that her request for his "advice" was no artifice of one accustomed to take charity.

"What can you do?" he asked her.

"I can keep house," she said. "It is the only thing I can do, and do it well."

"Perhaps you could manage a boarding-house. Would you be willing to?"

"I would certainly if—" She hesitated till her good sense told her it was better

to speak frankly. Mr. Childs must know well enough of what she was thinking.

"I would if parties would trust me for the outfit," she finally said.

Mr. Childs reflected a moment. "Yes. How to begin without money is a question. You might succeed in the long run—after years of hard work, and broken down, perhaps, in health and strength. It would hardly be wise. No, I don't think it would be wise for you to start without capital."

He paused, and the discouraged lady, mistaking his silence, was about to take her leave, but he stopped her. Then he unfolded his plan. She was to find a suitable house, if possible, in the best part of Philadelphia, get the most favorable terms she could for a five years' lease of it, and estimate the cost of furnishing it and the expense of supplying good meals. Having done this, she was to report to him.

In due time the lady came back, and satisfied him that she had found the right place; whereupon he proposed to be responsible for the first year's rent, and to lend her five thousand dollars at six per cent for five years.

"I judge that you are a good business woman," he said, "and in that length of time you can easily repay the loan."

His prediction proved more than true. The lady prospered, and paid the last dollar of her debt before the end of the five years.

Mr. Childs was not a "professional" philanthropist, and philanthropy is not a branch of business; but save in the extremes of necessary charity, the same rules of mutual business obligation apply to both the helper and the helped. Benevolence ought not to be careless, and of all ways the practical business way of helping men to help themselves is the best.

Youth's Companion.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

A STRANGER STAR O'ER BETHLEHEM.

Song for Christmas.

WORDS BY O. F. WHITNEY.

Moderato con Grazia.

MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

p. 1. A stranger star o'er Beth - le-hem Shot down its sil - ver ray, Where,
 2. He wandered through the faithless world, A Prince in shepherd's guise; He
 3. He wept o'er doomed Je - ru - sa-lem, Her Tem - ple, walls and tow'r's; O'er
 4. On Cal-v'ry's hill they cru - ci - fied The God whom worlds a - dore. "Fa -
 5. Far flash - ing on its wings of light— A fal - chion from its sheath— It

cra-dled in a manger's fold, A sleep - ing in - fant lay. And
 called His scattered flock, but few The voice would re - cog - nize; For
 pal - a - ces where recreant priests U - surped un-hallowed pow'r's. "I
 ther, for - give them!"—drained the dregs—Im - man - uel was no more, No
 cleft the realms of darkness, and Dis - solved the bands of death. Hell's

guid - ed by that fin - ger bright, The Or - ient sag - es bring Rare
 minds upborne by hol - low pride, Or dimmed by sor - did lust, Ne'er
 am the Way of Life and Light!" A - las! 'twas heed - ed not— Ig -
 more where thunders shook the earth, Where lightntings, 'thwart the gloom, Saw
 dungeons burst! Wlde o - pen swung The ev - er - last-ing bars, Where -

gifts of myrrh and frankincense, To hail the new-born King.
 look for kings in beggar's garb— For dia - monds in the dust.
 nored Sal - va - tion's mes-sage, spurned The wond - rous truths He taught.
 that un-conquered Spir it spurn The shack - les of the tomb!
 by the ransomed soul shall win Those heights be-yond the stars.

THE Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, Editor.

Volume XXXIV., Beginning January 1, 1899.

RETROSPECTIVE.

FOR THIRTY-THREE years the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has fulfilled the high mission placed before and assumed by it in the beginning of its career. It set out to be the companion and teacher of young Latter-day Saints—the organ of “the Hope of Israel.” Today it reckons among its warmest friends hundreds of men and women who as children were readers of its earliest pages. Matured now in age and experience, they assure us that it is to them the same welcome, cheerful, valued visitor that it was in those distant days, and that in the pleasure and profit with which their children and their children’s children now read it, they live over again the delight with which they themselves awaited its coming a third of a century ago. With the late President George A. Smith—a beloved friend of the JUVENILE—they find its columns suitable for readers of any age between six years and ninety; and hence it has come to pass that our books tell the pleasing story—“once a subscriber, always a subscriber.”

This evidence that our labors have been appreciated and our friends satisfied is sweeter far than any formal praise that men can give. To it we may add without conceit the consciousness that our little periodical has deserved the good opinions it has won. Looking back at the changes experienced, the trials endured, the difficulties overcome, we are filled no less with wonder than with gratitude. It was not our lot or wish to wait till population and prosperity among the Saints should make the pathway easy for journalistic ventures. Sufficient was it to know that a need existed for such a step—and it was taken, disinterestedly yet hopefully that the reward would not be withheld. We can truthfully say that apart from the appreciation with which we know our efforts have been received, there is no ele-

ment that contributes more to our pride and pleasure today than a realization of the obstacles conquered and the victories won. The very first to enter the struggle, our little paper has bravely held its place at the front, and has secured a measure of confidence and affection which only long-time acquaintance, thorough reliability and unfailing fulfillment of promise and devotion to duty can bring.

VOLUME THIRTY-FOUR—1899.

And now we approach the opening of Volume Thirty-Four! In the way of prospectus it would be perhaps enough to say that every good quality that has characterized the INSTRUCTOR in its past volumes will be continued in its new one. But more than this can be promised; for the determination still animates the management to make each year's work more creditable and complete than that of its predecessor. Far be it from us to be content and rest indolently upon laurels and esteem already won. The lead so stubbornly held during thirty-three years will be no less resolutely maintained, for in equipment and experience and in the courage born of many triumphs the INSTRUCTOR has but one place—the front.

A POPULAR AND DISTINCTIVE STYLE.

Purity of thought and language, and simplicity of style—these have been and diligently will be required of all our writers. To but few is it given to write in a manner calculated to interest children. Big themes treated in swelling words are frequently mistaken for evidences of great thought and real wisdom. The JUVENILE wants none of this. Truth is plain, and in a language so rich as ours, easy words, if the authors will but seek them, can be found to convey every idea. Our purpose is to exact more work from the writer than from the reader—the latter must not be allowed to become tired with words he does not understand before he has half finished the article before him. The simplest is the best, and it can be attained, too, without descending to childishness or becoming tedious.

THE PART THE PICTURES PLAY.

Since its initial number, the pages of the JUVENILE have contained nearly twenty-four hundred pictures—a record in illustration which few children's periodicals in the world can equal. A moment's reflection will convince every parent how powerful an aid these illustrations must have been in amusing, interesting and instructing the youthful reader. No other publication in Zion pretends to make reg-

ular use of pictures. Convinced of their value, we intend to employ them still more profusely in the future. In addition to the increase in number, we are able to assure an improvement in quality—that is, the production of cuts made specially for our columns and to illustrate articles written specially for us—and not, as has necessarily had to be the case many times in the past, such as we were able to purchase from dealers keeping them in stock. The pages for more youthful readers will receive particular attention in this respect, as well as in the careful preparation of suitable articles, poems, correspondence, puzzles, etc.

MUSIC—"HEAVENLY MAID."

The first to adopt music as a regular and permanent feature, the INSTRUCTOR will continue the publication of the choicest productions of our local musicians and of such selected pieces as shall especially commend themselves for use in the Sunday School and the home circle.

INDISPENSABLE TO SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

As the accredited organ of the Sunday School, no instructions or suggestions that are of value to either teachers or pupils will be omitted from its columns. In no other way, therefore, than by their constant perusal can the reader keep in touch with the General Board and with the stupendous Sunday School movement in Zion. A department for answers to such proper questions from teachers and theological classes as may be forwarded with the approval of superintendents, will be carefully edited, to the end that the information given can be relied upon as accurate and authoritative.

A STIMULUS TO AUTHORSHIP.

Moral and timely stories, in most cases complete in a single number, in others continued as serials, will form an attractive feature of the coming volume. A choice variety of these articles is already on hand; others will be obtained as a result of prize competitions which will later be introduced—the design being to stimulate to their best efforts those of our young people who have a talent for writing, as well as to lay before a young army of appreciative readers the best literary work that the community can furnish.

THE EDITOR AND HIS TRIED CO-WORKERS.

The valued and veteran contributors to the INSTRUCTOR's pages are still with it in spirit and in deed. Because allusion is prominently

made to the literary endeavors of amateurs, it must not be assumed that the tried, approved and most successful of our matured writers will cease their work. On the contrary, the corps to which they belong is augmented for next year by new but experienced members—both men and women of high ability, if not distinction, in their various lines of life. Modesty forbids more than a passing mention of the continuance of the Editor's talks in the columns devoted to his "Thoughts" and "Topics of the Times."

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

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With such pledges for the future, rendered worthy by the performance of all the promises of the past, we offer Volume Thirty-Four with confidence, and bespeak for it the favor of those who love pure literature and wish to place safe, clean, instructive reading in the hands of the children.

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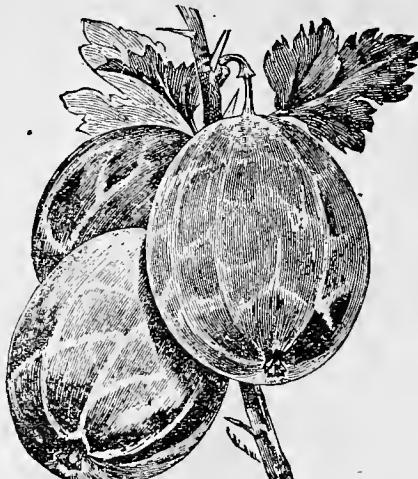
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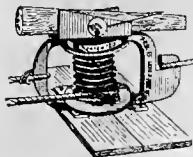
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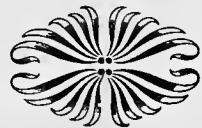
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No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:25 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:00 p. m.
No. 6—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and Intermediate points	5:35 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
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Illustrated Semi-Monthly Magazine.

Designed expressly for the Education
And Elevation of the Young. ♦ ♦ ♦

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

VOLUME XXXIII, FOR THE YEAR 1898.

PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE Q. CANNON & SONS COMPANY,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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